



George Frederic Handel.

London: Published Feb^r 19. 1739. by T. Haptinstall N^o 304 Holborn.

SA

M
A
B
D
E
J
J
J
IS

PR
AND SOL
B. LE
SYMON
150, L
MUSIC



George Frederic Handel.

London: Published Feb^r 19. 1739. by T. Haptinstall N^o 304 Holborn.

SA

M
A
B
D
E
J
J
J
IS

PR
AND SOL
B. LE
SYMON
150, L
MUSIC

238 c 25

THE
SACRED ORATORIOS,

AS SET TO MUSIC,

BY

GEO. F. HANDEL. *K*

PART I.

CONTAINING,

MESSIAH,	JOSHUA,
ATHALIA,	OCCASIONAL ORATORIO,
BELSHAZZAR,	SAMSON,
DEBORAH,	SAUL,
ESTHER,	SOLOMON,
JEPHTHA,	JUDAS MACCABÆUS,
JOSEPH,	AND
ISRAEL IN EGYPT,	SUSANNAH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HEPTINSTALL, No. 304, HOLBORN;
AND SOLD BY J. HOOKHAM, NO. 100, NEW BOND-STREET;
B. LEPARD, JAMES-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN; H. D.
SYMONDS, PATERNOSTER-ROW; A. AND J. BLACK, NO.
150, LEADENHALL-STREET; AND AT THE DIFFERENT
MUSIC SHOPS.

1799.

SACRED ORATORIO

GEORGE HANDEL



NOBLE

HAN

DEDICATION.

TO

THE ROYAL PATRONS,
NOBLE PRESIDENTS, VICE-PRESIDENTS,

AND

THE THREE MUSICAL FUNDS,

THE

FOLLOWING COLLECTION

OF THE WORDS OF

HANDEL'S SACRED ORATORIOS,

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR DEVOTED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

T. HEPTINSTALL.



TQ

THE PUBLIC.

THIS Edition of the Words of Handel's Sacred Oratorios, being selected from the excellent and superb Edition of his Works, published by Dr. Arnold, includes the latest Alterations, and present them to the Public as they are now performed. The interesting nature of the various subjects will make them, at the same time a pleasing Volume to the Reader, and a convenient Pocket Companion to the Amateurs of Handel.

GEN
ev
of just
must be
of chara
and per
attract li
favourab
struggle
served.

The fo
illustratio
of the fir
diligence
and a hap
his talent
public no

THE
LIFE
OF
GEO. FRED. HANDEL.

GENIUS, energy, and a happy concurrence of events, are all necessary to form a character of just and eminent celebrity. The foundation must be laid in natural talents; but without energy of character, and its attendant qualities, diligence and perseverance, genius may expend itself and attract little notice; and even with these, except a favourable disposition of events concur, it may struggle in vain for distinction, and expire unobserved.

The following Memoirs will furnish the proof and illustration of these remarks. Handel's genius was of the first rank; his character full of energy; his diligence and perseverance almost unexampled; and a happy train of circumstances not only called his talents into exercise, and introduced him into public notice, but interested others in his fame.



TQ

THE PUBLIC.

THIS Edition of the Words of Handel's Sacred Oratorios, being selected from the excellent and superb Edition of his Works, published by Dr. Arnold, includes the latest Alterations, and present them to the Public as they are now performed. The interesting nature of the various subjects will make them, at the same time a pleasing Volume to the Reader, and a convenient Pocket Companion to the Amateurs of Handel.

GEN
ev
of just
must be
of chara
and per
attract li
favourab
struggle
served.

The fo
illustratio
of the fir
diligence
and a hap
his talent
public no

THE
LIFE
OF
GEO. FRED. HANDEL.

GENIUS, energy, and a happy concurrence of events, are all necessary to form a character of just and eminent celebrity. The foundation must be laid in natural talents; but without energy of character, and its attendant qualities, diligence and perseverance, genius may expend itself and attract little notice; and even with these, except a favourable disposition of events concur, it may struggle in vain for distinction, and expire unobserved.

The following Memoirs will furnish the proof and illustration of these remarks. Handel's genius was of the first rank; his character full of energy; his diligence and perseverance almost unexampled; and a happy train of circumstances not only called his talents into exercise, and introduced him into public notice, but interested others in his fame.

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL was born at Halle in Lower Saxony, February 24, 1684. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon, and pretty far advanced in life when this prodigy of musical genius came into this discordant world. The old gentleman, it should seem, had "no music in his soul;" and when he discovered his son's attachment to this unprofitable science, was very angry, having designed him for the more lucrative profession of the civil law. Great geniuses, however, are not easily depressed. Like some plants, a certain degree of pressure strengthens and invigorates them. So Handel, the more he was opposed; the more earnest was he in the pursuit of his favourite study; and finding means to convey a small clarrichord into the garret, he practised by stealth, generally when the family were asleep. But when he was seven years old, his father finding it impossible to fix his attention to any thing but music, consented to place him under Zachau, organist of the cathedral, and the most respectable musician of the place.

At nine years old his pupil began to compose, and from that time wrote a church service, it is said, every week for three years successively, beside instrumental pieces. Here he continued till 1698, when his master candidly acknowledged his superiority; and being now fourteen, he was taken to Berlin, where he distinguished himself so much, that the Elector of Brandenburg (afterwards Frederick the Great) made handsome offers to detain

him.
pende
and to
his son
with th
became
Tellem
left at
compos
son cla
have co
burgh i
repieno
the har
take th
ished a
had pre
ignorant
Upon
Handel
themselv
tion ann
namely,
the elec
diately t
young m
trifling d
the Mark
theson w
This happ
but befor

him. Handel's father, however, being of an independent spirit, was no admirer of court promises, and took him back to Halle; but dying soon after, his son removed to Hamburgh in the year 1703, with the view of subsisting by his talents. Here he became acquainted with two other young musicians, Tellemann and Mattheson, whom, however, he soon left at an humble distance, both as organists and composers; though upon the harpsichord Mattheson claimed superiority, which the other seems to have conceded. When Handel went first to Hamburgh it was in no higher capacity than as a second repieno violin; but one evening on the absence of the harpsichord player, when he was persuaded to take that instrument, the whole house was astonished at his performance; and the more so, as he had pretended, in his dry way, to be extremely ignorant.

Upon the vacancy in an organist's place at Lubec, Handel and Mattheson travelled together to offer themselves as candidates; but they found a condition annexed to it, which neither of them admired, namely, to take a wife with it to be nominated by the electors; they accordingly returned immediately to Hamburgh. Soon after this the two young musicians quarrelled at the opera, upon a trifling dispute of precedence, and fought a duel in the Market, when providentially the sword of Mattheson was broken against one of Handel's buttons. This happened in the beginning of December 1704; but before the end of the same month they were

reconciled, and Mattheson accompanied his rival to the performance of his first opera, which was *Almira*, and performed a principal part in it. The success of this opera soon produced a second, which was entitled *Nero*, and these were all he composed for the stage prior to 1708, when he set two other operas, *Florindo* and *Dafne*. In the mean time he wrote innumerable cantatas, songs, and lessons, and taught a considerable number of scholars.

Handel having now saved money, undertook a journey he had long proposed, to Italy. His first visit was to Florence, whither he had received the strongest invitation from the grand Duke himself; and here he composed the opera of *Rodrigo*. From thence he went to Venice, where he was first discovered at a masquerade, while playing the harpsichord in his visor with such uncommon ability, that the younger Scarlatti, who happened to be present, declared it must be either the famous Saxon, or the devil. With much persuasion he now produced his *Agrippina*, which was so popular that it ran nearly thirty nights with great applause. From Venice he proceeded to Rome, where he composed a serenata, called *Il Trionfo del Tempo*, and had an opportunity of hearing the best music, and the most eminent musicians of the age, particularly Correlli, and the elder Scarlatti. The former of these was a great admirer of his compositions; but, though an exquisite performer in point of neatness and delicacy of execution, confessed himself utterly unable to express the force and spirit they required.

Cardi
the fri
him a
Italy.
though
self wa
till thi
strum

Wh
quaint
interes
could
the he
presse
outwar
flexible
hypocr
to med
no othe
resolve
he had

From
where
in the f
riage b
modati
of the
ther Ita
which v
same na

Cardinal Ottoboni, a liberal patron of the arts, and the friend of Handel, effected a trial of skill between him and the younger Scarlatti, then famous all over Italy. On the harpsichord the superiority was thought doubtful; but on the organ Scarlatti himself was astonished at his rival, and confessed that till this time he had no conception of what the instrument was capable.

While our musical hero was in this city, his acquaintance among ecclesiastics of the higher orders, interested them so much in his favour, that they could not forbear attempting his conversion from the heresies of Luther. One of them in particular pressed the subject very closely, at least as to an outward conformity; but Handel had nothing flexible in his temper, and scorned to play the hypocrite. He was prudent enough, however, not to meddle with theological controversies, and gave no other reason for his obstinacy, than that he was resolved to live and die in the communion in which he had been educated.

From Rome our composer removed to Naples, where he met with the same flattering reception as in the former cities; an elegant residence, and carriage being everywhere provided for his accommodation; and his company solicited by persons of the first distinction. Here he composed another Italian opera, *Acis and Galatea*, the music of which was totally different from his oratorio of the same name in English.

This musical tour lasted six years, and concluded in 1710, when he called again at Florence, Rome, and Venice, on his return to Germany, where he was so much admired by the Elector of Hanover, (afterwards our George I.) that he settled on him a pension of 1500 crowns per annum to procure his stay; and afterwards, on the resignation of Steffani, appointed him his chapel-master, with the privilege of visiting England, provided he would return in a reasonable time. From Hanover he called at Dusseldorf, on his way to England, where he was well received by the Elector Palatine, who regretted much that he had been pre-engaged.

Handel arrived for the first time in this country about the end of the above year; and as a specimen of his abilities, set the Italian opera of *Rinaldo* in a fortnight, which was so great a favourite with the public, that it was afterwards revived at three successive periods.

After continuing about a year in England he returned to Hanover, promising to pay a second visit to this country so soon as he could procure the Elector's leave, which he did about the end of the year 1712. He now set several other Italian operas for the English stage, and, soon after his arrival, was employed by authority to compose a grand *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, on occasion of the peace of *Utrecht*, which procured him a pension of 200*l.* per annum from Queen Anne. "The multiplicity of business," says Dr. Burney, "and the many

protect
little in
with re
seemed
Hanove
1714, w
land, s
Handel
sumed
means
The
water,
friend a
the roy
who per
posed fo
publishe
king wa
enquire
Handel
sign, wa
him: an
granted
1718, m
Burlingt
patron
years, h
tend the
Chando
not exc
head in

protectors and friends he met with in England, a little impaired the memory of our great composer with respect to continental connections; and he seemed to think of nothing less than returning to Hanover till after the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, when his Majesty George I. arriving in England, saved him the trouble of a German tour." Handel was now conscious of his neglect, and presumed not to appear at court, till by the following means he procured his reconciliation.

The king being engaged in a party upon the water, Handel contrived, by the assistance of a friend at court, (Count Kilmanseck) to accompany the royal barge in a boat, with a band of musicians, who performed some pieces which he had composed for the occasion, and which were afterwards published under the name of *Water Music*. The king was so charmed with these, that he eagerly enquired of the author, and being informed by Mr. Handel's friend, both of their author and his design, was so highly pleased that he freely pardoned him: and, as a proof of it, doubled the pension granted him in the former reign. From 1715 to 1718, much of his time was spent at the Earl of Burlington's, who was an eminent and munificent patron of the fine arts. And in the two following years, he was employed to compose and superintend the music at Cannons, where the Duke of Chandos had a chapel and a musical establishment, not exceeded, perhaps, by that of any crowned head in Europe. Here Handel produced most of

his anthems, hautbois concertos, organ fugues, and many other pieces.

In the last of these years, (1720) a plan was formed by the nobility, and a subscription raised of 50,000*l.* for the regular establishment of Italian operas. His Majesty subscribed 1,000*l.* and honoured the institution with the name of *The Royal Academy*.

Handel being appointed conductor and composer, quitted his employment at Cannons, and set off to Dresden, where he engaged Senesino, and some other eminent Italian singers, who accompanied him to England. On his return, however, he did not find the musical world so unanimous in his favour as he probably expected. Bononcini and Attilio, had both been invited over by the former managers of the opera; and being composers of considerable merit, especially the former, it was thought by many ungenerous to dismiss them. A trial of skill, however, was agreed upon by the friends of the contending parties; and the three acts of *Mutius Scævola* were set by the three rival composers. Handel now completely bore away the palm; and established his fame beyond competition. His opera of *Rhadamistus*, composed about this time, was so exceedingly popular that the house would not nearly hold the crowds that flocked to hear it.

Still our author had little occasion to congratulate himself on his popularity, as it proved the source of infinite trouble and vexation to him; and

his re-
former
a perp
ported
Arbut
emplo
even p
ing to
sweet
these
opera-
and in
solved
By thi
rity, b
mind.

To
little i
æra in
In the
torio,
Canno
of that
Orator
in the
drama
specie
known
plays
were r
pared

his repeated quarrels with opera singers and performers, embittered all his future life, and made it a perpetual warfare. He was not, however, unsupported. Beside the sanction of the court, Dr. Arbuthnot, a literary character of some eminence, employed the shafts of ridicule in his defence; and even political parties arranged themselves according to their connections, either on the side of *tweedle dum* or *tweedle dee*. To such a height were these unmusical animosities carried, that another opera-house was opened in Lincoln's-Inn Fields; and in 1729 the Royal Academy was finally dissolved, after having flourished about nine years. By this Handel lost, not only much of his popularity, but much of his property, health, and peace of mind.

To pass over these unpleasant squabbles as of little interest to us, we come now to an important æra in the history of music and of our composer. In the year 1720 Handel composed his first oratorio, that of Esther, for the Duke of Chandos at Cannons, which was indeed the first composition of that nature attempted in this country. The term *Oratorio* originated with the fathers of the *Oratory* in the seventeenth century, by whom these sacred dramas were performed. There was, however, a species of sacred dramas of much higher antiquity, known by the names of mysteries and miracles—plays in various countries of Europe; but they were much too ridiculous and prophane to be compared with the modern oratorios. These latter are

merely pieces of sacred music, songs, or choruses, connected and arranged to form a sacred narrative; whereas in the former, the characters were acted in the manner of plays, and were often very indecent and absurd.

The above oratorio of *Esther*, eleven years after it was first composed, was performed in action by the children of the Chapel Royal, at the house of their master, Mr. Bernard Gates; and soon after by the same singers at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand: The instrumental parts by the gentlemen of the Philharmonic Society. This is said to have first suggested to Handel the idea of bringing oratorios upon the stage, which he did in the following year (1732), when *Esther* was performed for ten nights at the Haymarket.

In March 1733 the oratorio of *Deborah* was brought forward at the same theatre. At these performances Handel first gratified the public with concertos on the organ, a species of composition in which his great talents on that instrument were eminently displayed.

In the following summer Handel took his principal singers and performers to Oxford, where, on occasion of a public act, the oratorio of *Athalia* was performed, and he opened the organ in a manner that charmed and astonished the first masters in the country.

In the Lent of 1734, *Esther*, *Deborah*, and *Athalia*, were performed at Covent Garden Theatre; and in the next year he brought forward *Acis and Ga-*

latea; v
1738 I
Pensere
last tw
del's a
fear of
singers
course
for bes
five h
accom
The
Theatr
this pe
del de
exhibi
swer, c
author
To th
now d
positio
ill-atte
cess so
bring
recove
land, a
fortun

44
44
44
44
44
44

latea, with, for the first time, *Alexander's Feast*. In 1738 *Israel in Egypt*, and next year *Allegro ed il Penseroso*, were presented to the public. During the last two years the Opera House was shut, and Handel's affairs were so much deranged that he was in fear of being arrested by the husband of one of his singers. His friends persuaded him to have recourse to a benefit, which proved very lucrative; for besides every other part of the house being full, five hundred persons of rank and fashion were accommodated in an amphitheatre on the stage.

The oratorio of *Saul* was first performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1740, and from this period, except a few instrumental pieces, Handel devoted his talents solely to oratorios. The exhibition of these, however, did by no means answer, chiefly owing to the differences between the author and his former patrons relative to the opera. To this it must be imputed that even the *Messiah*, now deservedly the most popular of all his compositions, was, at its first performance in 1741, but ill-attended and coolly received. This bad success so oppressed the spirits of our composer, as to bring on a severe illness; but immediately on his recovery he resolved to make an expedition to Ireland, at once to repair his health, and recruit his fortune.

"Strong, in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands

"Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands;

"To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,

"And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.

"Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more—

"She heard;—and drove him to the Hibernian shore."

Thus POPE recorded this event, in an address to the goddess of Dulness, in his *Dunciad*; yet it is remarkable that this ingenious poet had an ear totally insensible to the charms of music; and, by his own confession, derived no more pleasure from the finest composition of Handel, than from a common ballad.

On Handel's arrival at Dublin, with equal humanity and judgment, he performed the Messiah for the benefit of the city prison, which drew together a very large audience, and greatly contributed to his popularity. Being now out of the reach of party feuds, his merit was universally acknowledged; and to the honour of our sister kingdom, this wonderful effort of human genius there first received the deserved applause. To this it must be confessed Mrs. Cibber contributed not a little, by the pathetic stile in which she sung the principal airs; and Mr. Dubourg, by the masterly manner in which he led the band.

Handel remained in Ireland most part of the year 1741, and returned to England at the beginning of the year following, having confirmed his health, extended his fame, and in some measure repaired his circumstances. He commenced his musical Lent campaign with the oratorio of *Samson*, which procured him crowded houses, and the songs were so popular that they were soon disseminated through the kingdom.

The *Messiah* was now also received with great applause, and has been honoured with a growing

reputati
the audi
torios, t
pences;
that he

Notw
the last
oratorio
Hospital
the cha
organ fo

The g
stood hi
to apply
perform
but Han
design, a

In 175
during t
illustrio
dark; s
the assis
a week
affected
in Sam
no less
which h
invention

At tim
must ha
blindnes

reputation to the present day. Yet so thin were the audiences at the performance of his other oratorios, that they frequently did not defray expences; and in 1745 his affairs were so far deranged that he was compelled to stop payment.

Notwithstanding his own embarrassments, during the last ten years of his life, Handel performed this oratorio annually for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, whereby he collected about 7000*l.* for the charity, beside making them a present of an organ for their chapel.

The governors of the Hospital so far misunderstood his generosity, that they formed a resolution to apply to Parliament for an act to confine the performance of it to the author and themselves; but Handel took fire the moment he heard of the design, and quashed it.

In 1751 a *gutta serena* deprived him of sight, and during the remainder of his days, Handel, like the illustrious bards Homer and Milton, was totally dark; still however he continued his oratorios with the assistance of Mr. Theodore Smith, till within a week of his death, and used to be particularly affected by the performance of his "Total Eclipse" in Samson; the audience also were sometimes no less affected to see him led to the organ, on which he used to display his wonderful powers of invention and execution to the last.

At times also his mind was much deranged, which must have added greatly to the affliction of his blindness: and, for several months previous to his

decease, his health visibly declined. One very alarming circumstance was the total failure of his appetite, which had been almost as remarkable as his genius, and often exposed him to the ridicule of the wits. It cannot be denied, indeed, that he indulged this favourite appetite too far*; yet the appetite itself could not be affected, and must have been a serious misfortune had he moved in an inferior sphere.

We come now to that important scene which crowns and closes the human character. Handel's life, hitherto, though rendered splendid by his talents and his fame, was far from pure, considered in a moral view. He had been educated in the Lutheran religion †, and had resisted all temptations to change it for that of Rome. It cannot be denied, however, that his moral conduct in the greater part

* Some curious anecdotes are in circulation of his extraordinary abilities at the table, and at the bottle. Of the latter, Dr. Burney gives the following diverting instance. One day having company at dinner, he repeatedly exclaimed—"Oh, I have de taught," and retired so often under the pretence of writing down his thoughts, that one of the company had the impertinence to watch him, and found *deceit* taught were bestowed on a hamper of Burgundy, which had been presented him by Lord Radnor, while his company were regaling themselves on more humble port.

Burney's Sketch of the Life of Handel, p. 52.

† Handel used always to speak with reverence of Luther, and related it as a general and well founded tradition in Germany, that this great reformer composed the melody of the old hundredth, and some other Psalm tunes used in our Churches, as well as in France and Germany. So collected was his great mind, that even on his journey to Worms, it is said he paraphrased the forty-sixth psalm, and set a tune to it which is still extant. See *Psalmody Evangelica*, vol. ii. p. 122, and *Historic Essay* prefixed, p. 49.

of his l
He wa
these v
anger,
was of
him, an
BURN
in a co
Sir Jo
" loss o
" ing o
" temp
" he w
" in set
" the c
" the p
" And
" these
" tional
" per o
Dr. BUR
" lic pr
" in Lo
tion dre
had a pa
" In ho
" his sw
" resurr
traordina
night, o
as Dr. B

of his life did but little honour to his profession. He was indeed just, generous, and humane; but these virtues were unhappily tarnished by pride, anger, and resentment. His passion in particular was often so violent as to be a terror to all about him, and when he let out the *great bear*, as Dr. BURNÉY expresses it, he used to storm and swear in a confusion of four or five languages.

Sir JOHN HAWKINS, however, tells us, that "the loss of his sight, and the prospect of his approaching dissolution, wrought a great change in his temper and general behaviour. In conversation he would frequently declare the pleasure he felt in setting the scriptures to music; and how much the contemplating the many sublime passages in the psalms had contributed to his edification. And now that he found himself near his end, these sentiments were improved into solid rational piety, attended with a calm and even temper of mind." During the last years of his life, Dr. BURNÉY adds, "he constantly attended public prayers twice a day, winter and summer, both in London and Tunbridge." When his dissolution drew near, he was perfectly sensible of it, and had a particular desire to depart on Good Friday; "In hopes (he said) of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour on the day of his resurrection," meaning Easter Sunday; this extraordinary wish was granted a little before midnight, on April 13, being Good Friday, 1759; as Dr. BURNÉY informs us on the authority of Dr.

Warren, who attended him; though by some mistake his death was dated April 14th upon his monument.

From this account it sufficiently appears that the Prince of Musicians was no infidel. It often happens, indeed, that wits, and those who live by their wits, despise and ridicule religion; but it is seldom the case with men of truly sublime genius. It may be a sufficient answer to the sneers of pretended philosophers and *beaux esprits*, to observe, that Milton and Handel, Newton and Locke, Addison, Johnson, and Sir W. Jones, all men of original and first rate talents, were none of them ashamed of this "highest style of man"—a *Christian*.

Dr. BURNLEY, who personally knew him, informs us, that "the figure of Handel was large, and he was somewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions; but his countenance, which I remember as perfectly as that of any man I saw but yesterday, was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius."—"His general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he did smile, it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humour beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other."—"He was impetuous, rough, and pe- remptory in his manners and conversation; but devoid of ill-nature or malevolence: indeed, there was an original humour and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger or impatience;

" which
" risible
" mour
" occur
" to the
" attitu
" the v
" pursu
" in ra
" cultiv
" he sp
" dom
" of pu
" cept
" famili
" seldom
" at ch
" orator
Hand
an enor
tion of v
the perf
at Carl
Wales w
great mu
tion; an
the perf
" Hush
Notw
he was g
upwards

" which, with his broken English, were extremely risible. His natural propensity to wit and humour, and happy manner of relating common occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes." Notwithstanding this " he knew the value of time too well to spend it in frivolous pursuits, or with futile companions, however high in rank. Fond of his art, and diligent in its cultivation, and the exercise of it, as a profession, he spent so studious and sedentary a life, as seldom allowed him to mix in society, or partake of public amusements.—In his latter years, except when he went to pay his duty to the royal family at St. James's or Leicester House, he seldom visited the great, or was visible, but at church, and the performance of his own oratorios."

Handel, at his public performances, usually wore an enormous white wig, by a certain nod or vibration of which he used to signify his approbation of the performance. At the rehearsal of his oratorios at Carlton House, if the Prince and Princess of Wales were late in entering the concert-room, our great musician could not conceal his disapprobation; and if any of the attendants talked during the performance, the Princess herself used to cry, " Hush, hush, Handel's in a passion."

Notwithstanding all his misfortunes, and though he was generous and even charitable, he died worth upwards of 20,000*l.* one thousand of which he be-

queathed to the Musicians' Fund, and the rest chiefly to his relations on the continent.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, April 20th, the service being performed by the Dean (Bishop Pearce) assisted by the choir; but the funeral was private, and not attended with the public honours bestowed on Dryden, Garrick, and some other public characters. If any thing, however, was deficient in the honours publicly paid him, ample compensation was made in the commemoration, or jubilee, since instituted to his memory.—Before we introduce this, however, we must give the character of Handel a little more particularly as a composer, and the reader will not be displeased that we do it in the just and candid language of Dr. BURNLEY.

“ That Handel was superior in the strength and boldness of his style, the richness of his harmony and complication of parts, to every composer who has been most admired for such excellencies, cannot be disputed. And while fugue, contrivance, and a full score, were more generally revered than at present, he remained wholly unrivalled.

“ I know it has been said, that Handel was not the original and immediate inventor of several species of music, for which his name has been celebrated; but with respect to originality, it is a term to which proper limits should be set, before it is applied to the productions of any artist. Every invention is clumsy in its beginning,

“ and
“ plays
“ solos,
“ he pr
“ Milto
“ harm
“ it is
“ geniu
“ ously
“ langu
“ All th
“ can d
“ comb
“ arran
“ to ad
“ that is
“ way p
“ and su
“ dle a
“ perfec
“ elabor
“ Italian
“ he res
“ tentiv
“ to th
“ forme
“ And
“ A. Sc
“ Steffa
“ menta
“ own T

" and Shakespeare was not the first writer of
 " plays, nor Corelli the first composer of violin
 " solos, sonatas, and concertos, though those which
 " he produced are the best of his time; nor was
 " Milton the inventor of epic poetry. The scale,
 " harmony, and cadence of music being settled,
 " it is impossible for any composer to invent a
 " genius of composition that is wholly and rigor-
 " ously new, any more than for a poet to form a
 " language, idiom, and phraseology for himself.
 " All that the greatest and boldest musical inventor
 " can do, is to avail himself of the best effusions,
 " combinations, and effects of his predecessors, to
 " arrange and apply them in a new manner; and
 " to add from his own source whatever he can draw
 " that is grand, graceful, gay, pathetic, or in any other
 " way pleasing. This Handel did, in a most ample
 " and superior manner; being possessed in his mid-
 " dle age, and full vigour, of every refinement and
 " perfection of his time; uniting the depth and
 " elaborate contrivance of his own country with
 " Italian elegance and facility; as he seems, while
 " he resided south of the Alps, to have listened at-
 " tentively in the church, theatre, and chamber
 " to the most exquisite compositions, and per-
 " formers of every kind, that were then existing.
 " And though we had *cantatas* by Carissimi,
 " A. Scarlatti, Gasparini, and Marcello; *duets* by
 " Steffani and Clari; *vocal choruses*, without instru-
 " mental accompaniments, by Palestrina, and our
 " own Tallis, Bird, and Purcell; and, with accom-

“ paniments, by Carissimi, as well as Paolo Colonna;
 “ with *violin sonatas* and *concertos* by Corelli and
 “ Geminiani; yet it may with the utmost truth be
 “ asserted, that Handel added considerable beau-
 “ ties to whatever style or species of composition
 “ he adopted, which in a larger work it would not
 “ be difficult to demonstrate by examples. At
 “ present, I shall only venture to give it as part of
 “ my musical *profession de foi*, that his *air*, or melody,
 “ is greatly superior to any that can be found in the
 “ otherwise charming cantatas which Carissimi
 “ seems to have invented; that he is more natural
 “ in his voice-parts, and has given more move-
 “ ment to his bases than A. Scarlatti; that he has
 “ more force and originality than Gasparini or
 “ Marcello; that his *chamber duets* are at least
 “ equal to those of Steffani and Clari, who were
 “ remarkable for no other species of composition;
 “ and though the late Dr. Boycè used to say that
 “ Handel had great obligations to Colonna for his
 “ *choruses* with instrumental accompaniments, it
 “ seems indisputable that such choruses were in-
 “ finitely more obliged to Handel than he to Co-
 “ lonna, or indeed than they were to all the com-
 “ posers that have ever existed. It is my belief,
 “ likewise, that the best of his Italian *Opera Songs*
 “ surpass, in variety of style and ingenuity of ac-
 “ companiment, those of all preceding and con-
 “ temporary composers throughout Europe; that
 “ he has more *fire* in his compositions for violins
 “ than Corelli, and more *rhythm* than Geminiani;

“ that
 “ *fugu*
 “ jects
 “ Seba
 “ the
 “ and
 “ that
 “ of e
 “ nobl
 “ *them*
 “ dine
 “ quain
 “ the v
 “ isted
 Have
 great m
 shall clo
 since pa
 formanc
 veral ye
 Dr. B
 origin o
 our cou
 Fitzwill
 they mu
 great nu
 metropo
 part of l
 an oppo
 strength
 a degree

" that in his full, masterly, and excellent *organ-*
 " *fugues*, upon the most natural and pleasing sub-
 " jects, he has surpassed Frescobaldi, and even
 " Sebastian Bach, and others of his countrymen,
 " the most renowned for abilities in this difficult
 " and elaborate species of composition ; and, lastly,
 " that all the judicious and unprejudiced musicians
 " of every country, upon hearing or perusing his
 " noble, majestic, and frequently sublime *full an-*
 " *thems*, and *oratorio choruses*, must allow, with rea-
 " diness and rapture, that they are utterly unac-
 " quainted with any thing equal to them, among
 " the works of the greatest masters that have ex-
 " isted since the invention of counterpoint."

Having thus traced the outlines of the life of our
 great musician, and delineated his character, we
 shall close these pages with a sketch of the honours
 since paid his memory in the commemoration per-
 formances, instituted in the year 1784, and for se-
 veral years repeated.

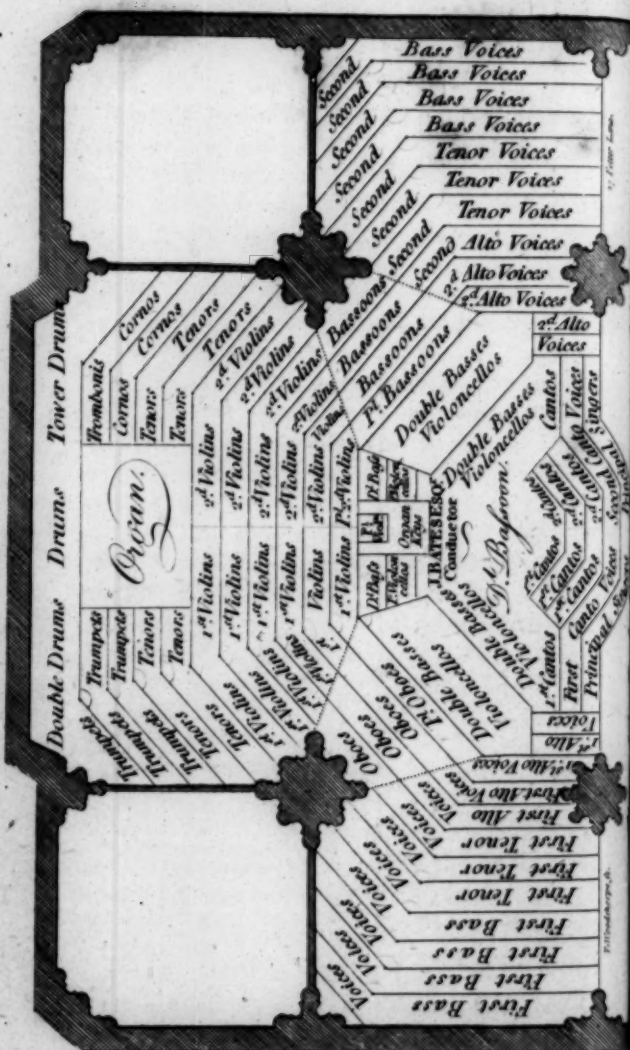
Dr. Burney gives the following account of the
 origin of this event, so honourable to music and to
 our country. In a conversation between Lord
 Fitzwilliam, Sir W. W. Wynn, and Joah Bates, Esq.
 they mutually regretted, that notwithstanding the
 great number of eminent musicians resident in this
 metropolis exceeds what may be found in any other
 part of Europe, no public periodical occasion gave
 an opportunity for the exhibition of their united
 strength and talents. These gentlemen being all to
 a degree of enthusiasm, admirers of the works of

Handel, his name naturally arose in conversation, and it was immediately recollected that the current year (1784) formed a complete century since his birth, and just a quarter that period since his death.

This then was judged a proper period for the commencement of such a design; which being mentioned to the governors of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, met with their cordial approbation, and soon after the royal patronage. Westminster Abbey was fixt on for the place of performance, and Mr. Wyatt, the architect, applied to, to fit it up in a style of magnificence suitable to the occasion. The profits were agreed to be devoted to charitable purposes. And as the Westminster Infirmary stood then in much need of assistance, and it was the usual time of an annual performance for their benefit, at the request of the Bishop of Rochester, it was resolved to devote a moiety of the first day's performance to that institution, and the rest of the profits to the Fund for Decayed Musicians, to which Handel himself, as already mentioned, had been a considerable benefactor.

The building was prepared, and the first meeting, at which several funeral pieces were appointed to be performed, was fixed for April 20th, the day on which our great composer was interred, but was postponed, on account of the dissolution of Parliament, to the 26th of May. On this day a prodigious concourse of the friends of music were assembled, and exhibited a most splendid spectacle. At

conversation,
the current
since his
his death.
ood for the
ich being
ical Fund,
ent Music,
soon after
bbey was
and Mr.
it up in a
sion. The
charitable
nary stood
it was the
their bene-
ter, it was
day's per-
est of the
icians, to
oned, had
t meeting,
ointed to
he day on
, but was
of Parlia-
a prodigi-
re assem-
acle. At



At the
a beau
richly
of this
on the
At the
of hold
a new
bury. ca
The
patrona
Earls o
W. Wy
Cooke,
Joah B
assistan
ance.
this gra

Violins—
derin
Tenors—
Hautboi
Flutes—
Violoncelle
Bassoon
Double
Double
Trumpet
Saxbuts—

At the east end of the aisle, a throne was erected in a beautiful gothic style, and in the centre a box, richly decorated for the royal family. On the right of this were accommodations for the bishops, and on the left for the dean and chapter of Westminster. At the opposite extremity was an orchestra, capable of holding more than five hundred performers, with a new organ, by Mr. Green, intended for Canterbury cathedral.

The whole of these performances were under the patronage of his Majesty, and the Direction of the Earls of Exeter, Sandwich, and Uxbridge, Sir W. Wynn, and Sir R. Jebb, Barts. assisted by Drs. Cooke, Arnold, and six other musical professors. Joah Bates, Esq. played the organ, and, with the assistance of Mr. J. Ashley, conducted the performance. The following is a list of the performers on this grand occasion:

INSTRUMENTS.

<i>Violins</i> —Messrs. Hay, Cramer, Borghi, Soderini, and 91 others	95
<i>Tenors</i> —Mr. Napier, and 25 others	26
<i>Hautbois</i> —Mr. Vincent, and 25 others	26
<i>Flutes</i> —Mr. Florio, and 5 others	6
<i>Violoncellos</i> —Mr. Crossdill, and 20 others	21
<i>Bassoons</i> —Mr. Baumgarton, and 25 others	26
<i>Double Bassoon</i> —Mr. Ashley	1
<i>Double Basses</i> —Mr. Gariboldi, and 14 others	15
<i>Trumpets</i> —Mr. Sargeant, and 11 others	12
<i>Sacbutts</i> —Mr. Karst, and 5 others	6

Brought forward	234
<i>Horns</i> —Mr. English, and 11 others	12
<i>Kettle Drums</i> —Mr. Burnet, and 2 others . . .	3
<i>Double Kettle Drum</i> —Mr. Ashbridge	1
	250

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

<i>Trebles</i> —Madame Mara, Miss Harwood, Miss Cantelo, Miss Abrams, Miss T. Abrams, Signor Pacchierrotti, Signor Bartolini, and 53 others	60
<i>Counter Tenors</i> —Rev. Mr. Clark, Messrs. Dyne, Knyvett, and 45 others	48
<i>Tenors</i> —Messrs. Harrison, Norris, Corfe, and 80 others	83
<i>Basses</i> —Messrs. Bellamy, Champness, Reinhold, Matthews, Signor Tasca, and 79 others	84
	275
Instrumental performers, as above	250
	525

The plate annexed will give a better idea of the arrangement of this great body of performers than can be expressed in words; and it is but justice to say of them, as Dr. Burney does, that the whole orchestra, when in motion, “resembled clock-work “in every thing, but want of feeling and expression.”

Among the instruments, it deserves to be remarked, that there were some of uncommon magni-

tude and double basses. The latter were in occasion.

The

Coronat

Overture

Overture
Funeral A

Anthem,
“The Lor

Second Day

Second
several air
“sons of I
“the first
from Israel

Overture
concerto;
chorus in I
inditing.”

The Mes

tude and force, particularly the double sackbut, double bassoon, and double kettle drums, which latter were made of copper on purpose for this occasion.

The PERFORMANCES were as follows :

First Day, Thursday, May 26.

Coronation Anthem.

PART I.

Overture in Esther, and Dettingen *Te Deum*.

PART II.

Overture and dead march in Saul, part of the Funeral Anthem, and *Gloria Patri* from the Jubilate.

PART III.

Anthem, "O sing unto the Lord," and chorus, "The Lord shall reign," in Israel in Egypt.

Second Day, Thursday evening, 27, (at the Pantheon.)

PART I.

Second hautbois concerto; sixth grand concerto; several airs from Handel's Italian operas; "Ye sons of Israel," chorus in Joshua; "He smote all the first-born, and he gave them hailstones," from Israel in Egypt.

PART II.

Overture in Ariadne; fifth and eleventh grand concerto; airs in Italian operas; "fallen is the foe," chorus in Israel in Egypt; anthem, "my heart is inditing."

Third Day, Saturday, 29.

The Messiah.

Fourth Day, Thursday, June 3.

PART I.

Overture Esther, and Dettingen *Te Deum*.

PART II.

Overture Tamerlane, and dead march in Saul; part of the funeral anthem; *Gloria Patri* from the Jubilate.

PART III.

First grand concerto; chorus, "gird on thy sword," from Saul; fourth hautboy concerto; anthem, "O sing unto the Lord;" chorus, "the Lord shall reign," from Israel in Egypt; and coronation anthem.

Fifth Day, Saturday, 5.

The Messiah.

The whole of these performances, including three rehearsals and his Majesty's donation of 500 guineas, produced 12,736*l.* of which 6000*l.* was added to the fund of the Society for Decayed Musicians; 1000*l.* was given to the Westminster Hospital, and the rest expended in preparations for the performance, the payment of the band, &c.

This grand performance was repeated, for the sixth time, in the year 1791, when the list of performers printed, amounted to 880; there were upwards of 200 more whose names were not published. The admirers of this sublime science must ardently hope, that a renewal of these grand festivals will commence with the return of the blessings of peace, and that Great Britain, eminent in this as well as every other science, will continue the first among the nations.

COM
Goe
cry unto
her iniqu
The v
Prepare
the deser

Ev'ry
tain and
the rough

And th
all flesh s
Lord hat

Thus s
while, an
the sea an

THE

MESSIAH:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that cryeth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

AIR.

Ev'ry valley shall be exalted, and ev'ry mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Yet once a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land, and I will shake all nations;

and the desire of all nations shall come; the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in, behold he shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

AIR.

But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire.

CHORUS.

And he shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

RECITATIVE.

Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel; God with us.

AIR AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountains! O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength! lift it up, be not afraid! Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Arise, shine, for thy light is come; and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

AIR.

The people that walked in darkness have seen a

great light
shadow of

For un
and the
and his na
the Might
of Peace!

There v
ing watch

And, lo
and the gl
and they v

And the
I bring yo
be to all p
the city o
Lord.

And sud
titude of
saying,

Glory to
good will t

Rejoice
daughter o

great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

CHORUS.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!

RECITATIVE.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night:

AIR.

And, lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid:

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

AIR.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! Behold thy king cometh

unto thee. He is the righteous Saviour, and he shall speak peace unto the heathen.

RECITATIVE.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

AIR.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. Come unto him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

CHORUS.

His yoke is easy, and his burden is light.

BEHO
the s

He was
sorrows, a
to the smi
off the ha
spitting.

Surely I
sorrows; I
he was bru
of our peac
are healed.

All we
turned ev'r
laid on him

All they
shoot out th

He truste
let him deli

Thy rebu
heaviness;

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, that taketh away
the sins of the world.

AIR.

He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; he hid not his face from shame and spitting.

CHORUS.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.

CHORUS.

All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned ev'ry one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

All they that see him laugh him to scorn; they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

CHORUS.

He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him if he delight in him.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; he is full of heaviness; he looked for some to have pity on him,

but there was no man ; neither found he any to comfort him.

AIR.

Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

He was cut off out of the land of the living ; for the transgressions of thy people was he stricken.

AIR.

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell, nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ! and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts ; he is the King of Glory.

RECITATIVE.

Unto which of the angels said he at any time. Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee ?

CHORUS.

Let all the angels of God worship him.

AIR.

Thou art gone up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

CHORUS.

The Lord gave the word ; great was the company of the preachers.

How
the gosp
things !

Their
words un

How
glad tidi
God reig

Break
eth. Ho
eth good
Thy God

How b
the gosp
things.

Their
words un

Why d
why do t
of the ea
gether, a

Let us
their yok

THE MESSIAH.

7

AIR.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

CHORUS.

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

DUET.

How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings of salvation, that saith unto Sion, Thy God reigneth.

CHORUS.

Break forth into joy, glad tidings thy God reigneth. How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings of salvation, that saith unto Sion, Thy God reigneth!

AIR.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Their sound is gone out unto all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

AIR.

Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against his Anointed.

CHORUS.

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.

THE MESSIAH.

RECITATIVE.

He that dwelleth in Heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision.

AIR.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

HALLELUJAH!

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.

I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first fruits of them that sleep.

CHORUS.

Since by man came death,
By man came also the resurrection of the dead;
For as in Adam all die,
Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all

sleep, but
the twink

The tru
rais'd inc
this corru
mortal m

Then sl
written, I

O c

O

Th

A

But tha
through o

If God
lay any th
God that
is Christ
who is at
cession for

Worthy
deemed us
and riches
and glory,
and power
and unto t

sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

AIR.

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be rais'd incorruptible, and we shall be changed; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

RECITATIVE.

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

DUET AND CHORUS.

O death, where is thy sting!

O grave, where is thy victory!

The sting of death is sin,

And the strength of sin is the law.

CHORUS.

But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

AIR.

If God be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again; who is at the right hand of God, who maketh intercession for us.

CHORUS.

Worthy is the lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

JUDAS MACCABÆUS:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

MOURN, ye afflicted children, the remains
Of captive Judah, mourn in solemn strains;
Your sanguine hopes of liberty give o'er,
Your father, friend, and hero is no more.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

Well, brethren, may your sorrows flow,
In all th' expressive signs of woe;
Your softer garments tear,
And squalid sackcloth wear;
Your drooping heads with ashes strew,
And with the flowing tear your cheeks bedew.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Daughters, let your distressful cries,
And loud lament, ascend the skies;
Your tender bosoms beat, and tear
With hands remorseless your dishevell'd hair.
For pale and breathless Mattathias lies;
Sad emblem of his country's miseries ♣

From t
Ah!
O Soly
Thy
Ah!

For
With

Not va
To ven
Wretche
Their ru

D
Ill
C
The
We
To t

P
D
Will
His

O Fath
The h
The h
In one
Grant
If not

✦ DUET.

From this dread scene, these adverse pow'rs,

Ah! whither shall we fly?

O Solyma, in smoky ruins lie,

Thy boasted tow'rs,

Ah! whither shall we fly?

✦ CHORUS.

For Sion lamentation make,

With words that weep, and tears that speak.

RECITATIVE.—SIMON.

Not vain is all this storm of grief,

To vent our sorrows gives relief.

Wretched indeed! But let not Judah's race,
Their ruin with desponding arms embrace.

Distractful doubt and desperation,

Ill become the chosen nation,

Chosen by the great I AM,

The Lord of Hosts, who, still the same,

We trust, will give attentive ear

To the sincerity of pray'r.

✦ AIR.

Pious orgies, pious airs,

Decent sorrow, decent pray'rs,

Will to the Lord ascend, and move

His pity, and regain his love.

✦ CHORUS.

O Father, whose almighty pow'r

The heavens, and earth, and seas adore!

The hearts of Judah, thy delight,

In one defensive band unite.

Grant us a leader bold and brave,

If not to conquer, born to save.

RECITATIVE.—SIMON.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
 Who, the bright cherubim between,
 His radiant glory erst display'd,
 To Israel's distressful prayer,
 He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
 And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
 Judas shall set the captive free,
 And lead us on to victory.

AIR.—SIMON.

Arm, arm, ye brave; a noble cause,
 The cause of Heaven, your zeal demands,
 In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
 The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
 Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

RECITATIVE.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold
 The spirit of our fathers, fam'd of old
 For their exploits in war.—Oh may their fire,
 With active courage you their sons inspire:
 As when the mighty Joshua fought,
 And those amazing wonders wrought;
 Stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun,
 Till kings he had destroy'd, and kingdoms won.

AIR.

Call forth thy pow'rs, my soul, and dare
 The conflict of unequal war;
 Great is the glory of the conquering sword,
 That triumphs in sweet liberty restor'd.

REC
 To H
 For ble
 Bless hi
 To thin

O lib
 Seat
 Life
 No e

Com
 An
 For t
 W

RI
 O Juda
 All Isra

Tis L
 Th
 Th
 And

Com
 An
 For t
 Wi

Lead
 The

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel,
For blessings on this exemplary zeal.
Bless him, Jehovah, bless him, and once more
To thine own Israel liberty restore.

AIR.

O liberty! thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearments worth caressing.

AIR.

Come, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

O Judas, may these noble views inspire
All Israel with thy true heroic fire.

AIR.

Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives fresh beauty to the sun,
That bids all nature look more gay
And lovely life with pleasure steal away.

DUET.

Come, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant, and sigh for thee,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

+ CHORUS.

Lead on, lead on, Judah disdains
The galling load of hostile chains.

RECITATIVE.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

So will'd my father, now at rest,
 In the eternal mansions of the blest ;
 " Can ye behold," said he, " the miseries
 " In which the long insulted Judah lies ?
 " Can ye behold their dire distress,
 " And not, at least, attempt redress ?"—
 Then faintly, with expiring breath—
 " Resolve, my sons, on liberty, or death !"

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

We come ; O see, thy sons prepare
 The rough habiliments of war ;
 With hearts intrepid, and revengeful hands,
 To execute, O sire, thy dread commands.

+TRIO.

Disdainful of danger, we rush on the foe,
 That thy power, O Jehovah ! all nations may know.

RECITATIVE.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Ambition ! if e'er honour was thine aim,
 Challenge it here :—
 The glorious cause gives sanction to thy claim.

+AIR.

No unhallow'd desire
 Our breasts shall inspire ;
 No lust of unbounded pow'r ;
 But peace to obtain,
 Free peace let us gain,
 And conquest shall ask no more.

RECITATIVE.

Haste we, my brethren, haste we to the field ;
 Dependant on the Lord, our strength and shield.

Hear us, O
 Resolv'd on

FALL'N
 Where

REC
 Victoriou
 With her la
 And all Sar
 Through h
 While thy
 With their
 Thus too th
 Before thee

So r
 Not
 Withst
 Tho
 No p
 Till fre

Well may v
 Such sweet

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on thee thy servants call,
 Resolv'd on conquest, or a glorious fall.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

FALL'N is the foe, so fall thy foes, O Lord,
 Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

Victorious hero ! Fame shall tell,
 With her last breath, how Apollonius fell,
 And all Samaria fled ; by thee pursu'd,
 Through hills of carnage, and a sea of blood.
 While thy resistless prowess dealt around,
 With their own leader's sword, the deathful wound.
 Thus too the haughty Seron, Syria's boast,
 Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd host.

AIR.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

So rapid thy course is,
 Not numberless forces
 Withstand thy all-conquering sword ;
 Tho' nations surround thee,
 No power shall confound thee,
 Till freedom again be restor'd.

RECITATIVE.

Well may we hope our freedom to receive,
 Such sweet transporting joys thy actions give.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Sion now her head shall raise ;
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

O let eternal honours crown his name ;
Judas ! first worthy in the rolls of fame.
Say, " He put on the breast-plate as a giant,
" And girt his warlike harness about him.
" In his acts he was like a lion,
" And like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey."

AIR.

From mighty kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile ;
Judah rejoiceth in his name,
And triumphs in her hero's fame.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Hail, Judea ! happy land,
Salvation prospers in his hand.

RECITATIVE.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Thanks to my brethren.—But look up to heaven ;
To heaven let glory and all praise be given ;
To heaven give your applause,
Nor add the second cause,

As once your fathers did in Midian,
Saying, the sword of God and Gideon.
It is the Lord that for his Israel fought,
And this our wonderful salvation wrought.

AIR.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

How vain is man, who boasts in fight
The valour of gigantic might ;
And dreams not that a hand unseen,
Directs and guides this weak machine !

RECITATIVE.

O

I

f

Or

To great

(Where P

He send

His p

To root

Ev'ry m

Ah ! wr

From jo

Be comf

For your d

Heav'n oft

May feel i

And urge m

And draw

T

A

RECITATIVE.

My arms

The Idume

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.

O Judas, O my brethren!

New scenes of bloody war,

In all their horrors rise.

Prepare, prepare,

Or soon we fall a sacrifice

To great Antiochus; from the Egyptian coast
(Where Ptolomy hath Memphis and Pelusium lost)

He sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands

His proud victorious bands

To root out Israel's strength, and to erase

Ev'ry memorial of the sacred place.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Ah! wretched, wretched Israel! fall'n how low,

From joyous transport to desponding woe.

RECITATIVE.—SIMON.

Be comforted—Nor think these plagues are sent

For your destruction, but for chastisement.

Heav'n oft in mercy punisheth, that sin

May feel its own demerits from within,

And urge not utter ruin.—Turn to God,

And draw a blessing from his iron rod.

AIR.—SIMON.

The Lord worketh wonders

His glory to raise,

And still as he thunders

Is fearful in praise.

RECITATIVE.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

My arms!—Against this Gorgias will I go—
The Idumean governor shall know

How vain, how ineffective his design,
While Rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Sound an alarm.—Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around.—
Who listeth follow ;—To the field again.—
Justice with courage is a thousand men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call :
And follow thee to conquest ;—If, to fall ;—
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

RECITATIVE.—SIMON.

Enough.—To heav'n we leave the rest.—
Such gen'rous ardour firing ev'ry breast,
We may divide our cares.—The field be thine,
O Judas, and the sanctuary mine.
Lo, Sion, holy Sion, seat of God,
In ruinous heaps is by the heathen trod ;
Such profanation calls for swift redress,
If e'er in battle Israel hopes success.

AIR.—SIMON.

With pious hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, we thy call attend :
Nor dread the nations that defy us,
God our defender, God our friend.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

Ye worshippers of God !
Down, down with the polluted altars, down ;
Hurl Jupiter Olympius from his throne,
Nor reverence Bacchus with his ivy crown,
And ivy-wreathed rod.

Our fathers never knew
Him, or his beastly crew,
Or knowing, scorn'd such idol vanities.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
Wild with delusion pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclipt the Queen of Heav'n:
Hence, to Phœnicia, be the goddess driv'n;
Or be she, with her priests and pageants, hurl'd
To the remotest corner of the world;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

AIR.

Wise men flatt'ring may deceive you,
With their vain mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart.
But true wisdom can relieve you,
Godlike wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

DUET.

Oh never, never bow we down,
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone:
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone—
We worship God, and God alone.

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.—ISRAELITISH PRIEST.

FATHER of heav'n, from thy eternal throne,
 Look with an eye of blessing down;
 While we prepare with holy rites,
 To solemnize the feast of lights.
 And thus our grateful hearts employ;
 And in thy praise,
 This altar raise,
 With carols of triumphant joy.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

See, see, yon flames that from the altar broke,
 In spiry streams pursue the trailing smoke;
 The fragrant incense mounts the yielding air;
 Sure presage, that the Lord hath heard our pray'r.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

O grant it, heav'n, that our long woes may cease,
 And Judah's daughters taste the calm of peace;
 Sons, brothers, husbands to bewail no more,
 Tortur'd at home, or havock'd in the war.

AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
 And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
 Seraphic melody to make,
 In the pure strains of Jesse's son.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MESSENGER.

From Capharselama, on eagle's wings I fly,
 With tidings of impetuous joy—
 Came Lysias, with his host, array'd
 In coat of mail; their massy shields

Of gold
 While th
 A horrid
 Met, fou
 Nor co
 Their ch
 Yet mor
 The blas
 The livin

But lo! t

He bea
 That thre

See
 So
 Sp
 So

See
 Br
 My
 To

See
 Sou
 Spo
 Son

Of gold and brass, flash'd lightning o'er the fields.
While the huge tow'r-back'd elephants display'd
A horrid front; but Judas, undismay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquish'd all the rageful train.

Nor could the bold Arabians save
Their chief, Timotheus, from a coward's grave.
Yet more; Nicanor lies with thousands slain;
The blasphemous Nicanor, who defied
The living God, and in his wanton pride
A public monument ordain'd
Of victories yet ungain'd.

But lo! the conqueror comes, and on his spear,
To dissipate all fear,

He bears the vaunter's head and hand,
That threaten'd desolation to the land.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

See the god-like youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance,
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

FULL CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high affections raise,
To crown this conquest with unmeasur'd praise.

RECITATIVE.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Sweet flow the strains that strike my feasted ear.

Angels might stoop from heav'n, to hear

The comely songs ye sing,

To Israel's Lord and King.

But pause awhile.—Due obsequies prepare,

To those who bravely fell in war.

To Eleazar special tribute pay:

Through slaughter'd troops he cut his way

To the distinguish'd elephant, and, whelm'd beneath

The deep-stabb'd monster, triumph'd in a glorious
death.

AIR.

With honour let desert be crown'd;

The trumpet ne'er in vain shall sound;

But all attentive to alarms,

The willing nations fly to arms:

And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the prize,

Of happy earth, or far more happy skies.

RECITATIVE.—EUPOLEMUS.

Peace to my countrymen;—Peace, and Liberty.

From the great senate of imperial Rome,

With a firm league of amity, I come.

Rome, whate'er nation dare insult us more,

Will rouse, in our defence, her veteran pow'r;

And stretch her vengeful arm by land, or sea,

“To curb the proud, and set the injur'd free.”

To our g
That gra

RE

Again

Praise-w

Come, n

To weav

And in y

“The v

“Bless’

“Soft C

O lo

Com

Let

And

Let th

But N

Rejoic

With

H

O Jud

With

H

CHORUS.

To our great God, be all the honour giv'n,
That grateful hearts can send from earth to heav'n.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Again to earth let Gratitude descend.—
Praise-worthy is our hero and our friend.—
Come, my fair daughters, choicest art bestow,
To weave a chaplet for the victor's brow;
And in your songs for ever be confess'd,
“ The valour that preserv'd, the pow'r that bless'd,
“ Bless'd you with hours, that scatter as they fly,
“ Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundless Joy.”

AIR AND DUET.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
Come, spread thy blessings all around;
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And vallies smile with wavy corn:
Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound,
But Nature's songsters, wake the cheerful morn.

AIR.

Rejoice, O Judah, and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, Amen.
O Judah, rejoice in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.
Hallelujah, Amen.

BELSHAZZAR:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—NITOCRIS.

VAIN fluctuating state of human empire!
First small and weak it scarcely rears its head,
Scarce stretching out its helpless infant arms,
Implores protection of its neighbour states,
Who nurse it to their hurt. Anon it strives
For pow'r and wealth, and spurns at Opposition.
Arriv'd to full maturity, it grasps
At all within its reach, o'erleaps all bounds,
Robs, ravages, and wastes the frighted world.
At length grown old, and swell'd to bulk enormous,
The monster in its proper bowels feeds
Pride, Luxury, Corruption, Perfidy,
Contention, fell diseases of a state,
That prey upon her vitals. Of her weakness
Some other rising power advantage takes,
(Unequal match!) plies with repeated strokes
Her infirm aged trunk: She nods—she totters—
She falls—alas! never to rise again.

The victor
Runs the s
Meets the

Thou, C
Unch
Throug
Throu
A
T
H
W
I

Dispute

Behol
In am
How
What
Hark,
Roun
If the
Nor y
No su
Withi
We th
And E
A ted
Thy w

Yes; well
In plenteo

The victor state upon her ruins rais'd,
Runs the same shadowy round of fancy'd greatness,
Meets the same certain end.

AIR.

Thou, God most high, and Thou alone,
Unchang'd for ever dost remain:
Through boundless space extends thy throne,
Through all Eternity thy reign.
As nothing in thy sight
The reptile man appears,
Howe'er imagin'd great:
Who can impair thy might?
In heav'n or earth who dares
Dispute thy pow'r?—Thy will is fate.

CHORUS.

Behold by Persia's hero made
In ample form the strong blockade!
How broad the ditch!—How deep it falls!
What lofty tow'rs o'erlook the walls!
Hark, Cyrus—Twenty times the Sun
Round the great year his course shall run,
If there so long thy army stay,
Nor yet to dogs and birds a prey;
No succour from without arrive,
Within remain no means to live,
We then may think it time to treat,
And Babylon capitulate.
A tedious time!—to make it short,
Thy wise attempt will find us sport!

RECITATIVE.—GOBRYAS.

Yes; well may they laugh, from meagre Famine safe
In plenteous stores for more than twenty years;

From all assault secure in gates of brass,
And walls stupendous; in Euphrates' depth
Yet more secure.

CYRUS. 'Tis that security
Shall aid me to their ruin. I tell thee, Gobryas,
I will revenge thy wrongs upon the head
Of this inhuman king.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—GOBRYAS.

O Memory,
Still bitter to my soul!—methinks I see
My son, the best, the loveliest of mankind,
Whose filial love and duty above all sons
Made me above all other father's happy;
I see him breathless at the tyrant's feet,
The victim of his envy!

AIR.

Opprest with never-ceasing grief,
I drag a painful weary life,
Of all that made life sweet bereft;
No hope but in revenge is left.

AIR.—CYRUS.

Dry those unavailing tears;
Haste your just revenge to speed;
I'll disperse your gloomy fears,
Dawning Hope shall soon succeed.

RECITATIVE.

Be comforted: Safe tho' the tyrant seem
Within those walls, I have a stratagem
Inspir'd by heav'n, (dreams oft descend from heav'n,
Shall baffle all his strength; so strong my mind
The impression bears, I cannot think it less.

Methoug
I stood, re
Our arduo
In thunder
To pierce
Of yon pro
As they wo
" Be dry."
The stream
Left bare
Horror, til
And froze
" Cyrus, g
" I will di
" And wit

Now tell m
Flow thro

GOBR.

CYR. A

A monstro

Four hund

Receiv'd t

GOBR.

CYR. M

By the sar

And throu

GOBR. S

Which fro

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Methought, as on the bank of deep Euphrates
 I stood, revolving in my anxious mind
 Our arduous enterprize, a voice divine,
 In thunder utter'd, to the bottom seem'd
 To pierce the river's depth: the lofty tow'rs
 Of yon proud city trembling bow'd their heads,
 As they would kiss the ground. "Thou deep," it said,
 "Be dry." No more, but instant at the word,
 The stream forsook his banks, and in a moment
 Left bare his oozy bed. Amaz'd I stood:
 Horror, till then unknown, uprais'd my hair,
 And froze my falt'ring tongue. The voice renew'd:
 "Cyrus, go on and conquer: 'Tis I that rais'd thee,
 "I will direct thy way. Build thou my city,
 "And without ransom set my captives free."

RECITATIVE.—CYRUS.

Now tell me, Gobryas, does not this Euphrates
 Flow through the midst of Babylon?

GOBR. It does.

CYR. And I have heard you say, that on the west
 A monstrous lake on ev'ry side extended
 Four hundred furlongs, while the banks were made,
 Receiv'd the exhausted river.

GOBR. 'Tis most true.

CYR. Might not we then
 By the same means now drain Euphrates dry,
 And through its channel march into the city?

GOBR. Suppose this done: yet still the brazen gates
 Which from the city to the river lead,

Will bar our passage, always shut by night,
When we must make the attempt. Could we suppose
Those gates unshut, we might indeed ascend
With ease into the city.

CYR. Said you not,
This is the feast to Sesach consecrate?
And that the Babylonians spend the night
In drunken revels, and in loose disorder?

GOBR. They do; and 'tis religion to be drunk
On this occasion.

AIR.

Behold the monstrous human beast
Wallowing in excessive feast!
No more his Maker's image found:
But self-degraded to a swine,
He fixes grov'ling on the ground
His portion of the breath divine.

RECITATIVE.—CYRUS.

Can you then think it strange, if drown'd in wine,
And from above infatuate, they neglect
The means of their own safety?
My friends, be confident, and boldly enter
Upon this high exploit. No little cause
We have to hope success; since not unjustly
We have attack'd, but being first attack'd,
We have pursu'd the Aggressor. Add to this,
That I proceed in nothing with neglect
Of pow'r divine: Whate'er I undertake,
I still begin with God, and gain his favour
By sacrifice and prayer.

All em
Begun by
Look u
Begin v

O sacr
O liv

By day
And

Whoe'er
Neglect t

Rejoice,
The long e
Seek now t
And you sh
Your long
From all th
And to you
For long ag
Whole age
Or thought
In words o
Foretold, a

" Thus
" Whose r
" Nations
" To loose
" Make st
" The gat

CHORUS.

All empires upon God depend;
 Begun by his command, at his command they end.
 Look up to him in all your ways:
 Begin with pray'r, and end with praise.

AIR.—DANIEL.

O sacred oracles of truth!
 O living spring of purest joy!
 By day be ever in my mouth,
 And all my nightly thoughts employ.
 Whoe'er withhold attention due,
 Neglect themselves, despising you.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Rejoice, my countrymen: The time draws near,
 The long expected time herein foretold.
 Seek now the Lord your God with all your heart,
 And you shall surely find him. He shall turn
 Your long captivity: he shall gather you
 From all the nations whither you are driven,
 And to your native land in peace restore you.
 For long ago,

Whole ages ere this Cyrus yet was born,
 Or thought of, great Jehovah, by his prophet,
 In words of comfort to his captive people
 Foretold, and call'd by name the wond'rous man.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

" Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
 " Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue
 " Nations before him: I will go before thee,
 " To loose the strong-knit loins of mighty kings,
 " Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
 " The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder

" The bars of iron. For my servants sake,
 " Isr'el my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
 " I have surnam'd thee : I have girded thee :
 " That from the rising to the setting sun
 " The nations may confess, I am the Lord ;
 " There is none else, there is no God besides me,
 " Thou shalt perform my pleasure, to Jerusalem
 " Saying, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple,
 " Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it:
 Earth, from thy centre shout :
 Break forth, ye mountains, into songs of joy,
 O Forest, and each tree therein :
 For the Lord hath done it,
 Jehovah hath redeem'd Jacob,
 And glorify'd himself in Israel.

Hallelujah, Amen.

AIR.—BELSHAZZAR.

Let festal Joy triumphant reign,
 Glad ev'ry heart, in ev'ry face appear :
 Free flow the wine, nor flow in vain;
 Far fly corroding Care.
 Each hand the chime melodious raise,
 Each voice exult in Sesach's praise.
 Let Order vanish : Liberty alone,
 Unbounded Liberty, the night shall crown.

RECITATIVE.

For you, my friends, the nobles of my court,
 I have prepar'd a feast magnificent,
 Worthy of you and me. Let all my wives,
 And Concubines attend. Our Royal Mother—

NITOCRIS
 en
 Th' unbridl
 Miscalld b
 When noug
 The noisy i
 The scurril
 My soul sta
 Asserting re

The le
 Before
 In gi
 To noi
 The fa
 And

R
 It is the c
 By long pre
 What do th
 And envy l
 Yet someth
 Shall to our
 Those costl
 Took from
 And in the
 But us'd th
 And let the
 To save his
 Of him and
 Their rich

NITOCRIS. I must prevent thee, son. Who can
endure

Th' unbridl'd licence of this festival,
Miscall'd by the licentious, liberty !
When nought prevails but riotous excess,
The noisy idiot laugh, the jest obscene,
The scurril taunt, and drunken midnight brawl.
My soul starts back at such brutality,
Asserting reason's empire.

AIR.

The leafy honours of the field,
Before the boist'rous driving wind,
In giddy dissipation fly,
To noise and folly forc'd to yield,
The fair ideas quit the mind,
And lost in wild confusion lie.

RECITATIVE.—BELSHAZZAR.

It is the custom ; I may say, the law,
By long prescription fix'd—These captive Jews !
What do they here ?—they low'r upon our joys,
And envy liberty they cannot taste.
Yet something your perverse and wayward nation
Shall to our mirth contribute. Bring those vessels—
Those costly vessels my victorious grandsire
Took from the temple of Jerusalem,
And in the temple of great Bel laid up,
But us'd them not : 'tis fit they should be us'd :
And let their god, whose pow'r was found too weak
To save his people, serve the conquerors
Of him and them. We'll revel in his cups :
Their rich materials and choice workmanship

Shall well augment the splendor of our feast.
And, as we drink, we'll praise our country gods,
To whom we owe the prize.

NIT. O sacrilege!
Unheard of profanation!

CHORUS OF JEWS.

Recall, O king, thy rash command,
Nor prostitute with impious hand
To uses vile the holy things
Of great Jehovah, king of kings.
Thy grandsire trembled at his name,
And doom'd to death who durst blaspheme;
For he, like us, his pow'r had try'd;
Confess'd him just in all his ways,
Confess'd him able to abase
The sons of men that walk in pride.

RECITATIVE.—NITOCRAS.

They tell you true, nor can you be to learn
(Tho' ease and pleasure have ingross'd you all,)
Things done in public view. I'll not repeat
The sev'nfold heated furnace, by that God
Whom you defy, made to his faithful servants
A walk of recreation; nor the king,
In height of all his pride, drove from his throne,
And from the first of men, in thought a God,
Reduc'd to brutal rank: All this, and more,
Thou knowst as well as I, and shouldst consider.

BELSH. Away!—Is then my mother convert grown
To Jewish superstition!—Apostate queen!
These idle tales might well become the dotage
Of palsy'd Eld, but not a queen like you,

In prime
On to the
In frivolous
To pleasur

O de
Pro
With
Re
The
Re
BELSH.
Joi
With
Re
To th
Re
NIT. A
Head
BELSH.
I fly,
To re

By slow d
h
There
Ere i
Long pati

In prime of life, for wisdom far renown'd.
 On to the feast : I waste the time too long
 In frivolous dispute ; time, due of right
 To pleasure and the gods.

DUET.—NITOCRIS.

O dearer than my life, forbear ;
 Profane not, O my son,
 With impious rites Jehovah's name :
 Remember what his arm has done :
 The earth contains not half his fame :
 Remember, and his vengeance fear.

BELSH. O queen, this hateful theme forbear :

Join not against your son
 With captive slaves, your country's foes :
 Remember what our gods have done
 To those who durst their pow'r oppose :
 Remember, and their vengeance fear.

NIT. Alas ! then must I see my son
 Headlong to sure destruction run.

BELSH. Not to destruction but delight
 I fly, and all once more invite
 To reign with me this happy night.

CHORUS OF JEWS.

By slow degrees the wrath of God to its meridian
 height ascends ;
 There mercy long the dreadful bolt suspends,
 Ere it offending man annoy ;
 Long patient for repentance waits, reluctant to de-
 stroy.

At length the wretch, obdurate grown,
 Infatuated makes
 The ruin all his own ;
 And every step he takes
 On his devoted head
 Precipitates the thunder down.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

SEE, from his post Euphrates flies !
 The stream withdraws his guardian wave !
 Fenceless the queen of cities lies !

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
 Thy charge to hostile arms a prey,
 Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
 Prepare the fierce invader's way,
 And, like false man, thy trust betray ?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Euphrates hath his task fulfill'd,
 But to divine decree must yield.
 While Babel queen of cities reign'd,
 The flood her guardian was ordain'd ;
 Now to superior pow'r gives way,
 And but the doom of heav'n obey.

CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
 Falshood is found in man alone.

You se
 Lies ope
 That tho
 We have
 With aid
 Wakeful
 Now all a
 A helpless
 We are w

Amaz
 WH
 All ho
 All
 Usele
 Useles

To arr
 God a

Ye tutel
 And see
 Let your
 ra
 Gold, wi
 Sesach
 Kind d
 Let the
 Thy gi

RECITATIVE.—CYRUS.

You see, my friends, a path into the city
 Lies open : fearless let us enter, knowing
 That those we are to cope with are the same
 We have already conquer'd, strengthen'd then
 With aid of great and numerous allies,
 Wakeful and sober, rank'd in just array ;
 Now all asleep or drunk, at best disorder'd :
 A helpless state ! still worse, when they shall hear
 We are within their walls.

AIR.

Amaz'd to find the foe so near,
 When sleep and wine their senses drown,
 All hearts shall faint, and melt with fear,
 All hands unnerv'd fall feebly down.
 Useless the hero's valour lies,
 Useless the counsel of the wise.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms ; no more delay,
 God and Cyrus lead the way.

CHORUS.

Ye tutelar gods of our empire, look down,
 And see what rich trophies your victory crown.
 Let your own bounteous gifts, which our gratitude
 raise,
 Gold, wine, merry notes pay our tribute of praise.
 Sesach, this night is chiefly thine,
 Kind donor of the sparkling wine.

AIR.—BELSHAZZAR.

Let the deep bowl thy praise confess,
 Thy gifts the gracious giver bless.

Thy gifts of all the gods bestow,
 Improve by use, and sweeter grow.
 Another, bowl!—'tis gen'rous wine
 Exalts the human to divine.

RECITATIVE.

Where is the God of Judah's boasted pow'r?
 Let him reclaim his lost magnificence,
 Assert his rights, prov'd ours by long possession,
 And vindicate his injur'd honour.—Ah!—

CHORUS.

Help, help the King: he faints! he dies!
 What envious dæmon blasts our joys,
 And into sorrow turns!
 Look up, O king—speak—cheer thy friends:
 Say, why our mirth thus sudden ends,
 And the gay circle mourns!

BELSH. Behold!—See there!—

O dire, portentous sight!—but see, 'tis gone,
 And leaves behind it types unknown:
 Perhaps some stern decree of fate,
 Big with the ruin of our state!
 What God, or godlike man, can tell
 The sense of this mysterious spell?

RECITATIVE.—BELSHAZZAR.

Call all our wisemen, sorcerers, chaldeans,
 Astrologers, magicians, soothsayers,
 They can perhaps unfold the mystic words,
 Dispel our doubts, and ease us of our fears.

[Enter Wisemen of Babylon.]

BELSH. Ye sages, welcome always to your king.

Most we
 To my si
 Whoe'er
 A splen
 A chain
 And in th
 WISEM
 To read

O mi
 No
 W
 W

O king,
 Let not th
 Nor let th
 Tho' all th
 There is a
 In whom t
 And in thy
 Wisdom, l
 By which
 Explain ha
 Daniel his
 Nam'd Bel
 He'll read

BELSH.
 ti
 I have hear

Most welcome now, since needed most : O minister
To my sick mind the med'cine of your art.
Whoe'er shall read this writing and interpret,
A splendid purple robe behind him flows,
A chain of gold his honour'd neck shall grace,
And in the kingdom he shall rule the third.

WISEM. Alas ! too hard a task the king imposes,
To read the characters we never learn'd !

CHORUS.

O misery !—O terror !—hopeless grief !
Nor God nor man afford relief !
Who can this mystery unveil,
When all our wise diviners fail !

RECITATIVE.—NITOCRIS.

O king, live for ever !

Let not thy heart its wonted courage lose,
Nor let thy countenance be chang'd with fear,
Tho' all thy wisemen fail thee. In thy kingdom
There is a man, among the Jewish captives,
In whom the holy spirit of God resides ;
And in thy grandsire Nebuchadnezzar's days,
Wisdom, like that of God, was found in him,
By which he could interpret mystic dreams,
Explain hard sentences, dissolve all doubts :
Daniel his native name, but by the king
Nam'd Belteshazzar. Let him now be call'd :
He'll read the writing, and intrepert it.

[Enter Daniel.]

BELSH. Art thou that Daniel of the Jewish captives ?

I have heard of thee,

That thou canst find interpretations deep,
And dissolve knotty doubts. If thou canst read
This writing, and explain, a purple robe
Adorns thy body, a gold chain thy neck,
And in the kingdom thou shalt rule the third.

AIR.—DANIEL.

No: to thyself thy trifles be,
Or take thy rich rewards who will:
Such glitt'ring trash affects not me,
Intent on greater matters still.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Yet to obey his dread command,
Who vindicates his honour now,
I'll read this oracle, and thou,
But to thy cost, shalt understand.

RECITATIVE.

Thou, O king,
Hast lifted up thyself against the Lord
Of heav'n, whose vessels they have brought before
thee,
And thou, thy lords, thy wives and concubines,
Have drunk wine in them: Thou hast prais'd the gods
Of gold and silver, brass, iron, wood and stone,
Which neither see, nor hear, nor ought perceive:
But him, the God whose hand upholds thy life,
And in whose high dispose are all thy ways,
Thou hast not glorify'd, but hast blasphem'd.
From him the hand was sent, by his appointment
These words were written:

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

MENE. The God, whom thou hast thus dishonour'd,

The
And
TEKE
And
UPHA
And
NIT. C
Unless re

Rega
Pr
Rega
Re
Repe
But v

O Go
We
Deep
The l
Gla
The l
No
Whe
Atten
And

You, G
For you b
Cannot op
Fall easy v

The days hath number'd of thy reign,
And finish'd it.

TEKEL. Thou in the balances art weigh'd,
And art found wanting.

UPHARSIN. This kingdom is divided,
And to the Medes and Persians giv'n.

NIR. O sentence too severe ! and yet too sure !
Unless repentance may reverse the doom.

AIR.

Regard, O son, my flowing tears,
Proofs of maternal love :
Regard thyself : to cure thy fears,
Regard the God above.
Repentance sure will mercy find,
But wrath pursues th' obdurate mind.

AIR.—CYRUS.

O God of truth ! O faithful guide !
Well hast thou kept thy word !
Deep waves at my approach subside ;
The brazen portals open wide,
Glad to receive their Lord.
The hostile nations scatter'd fly,
Nor dare my presence stay :
Where'er I go, sure victory
Attends ; for God is always nigh,
And he prepares my way.

RECITATIVE.

You, Gobryas, lead directly to the palace ;
For you best know the way. This revelling herd
Cannot oppose our passage ; those who would,
Fall easy victims : For the rest, they fly,

Or take us for their friends, and reeling shout
 For joy: We'll be their friends, and join the shout.
 I seek no enemy except the tyrant;
 When he is slain our task is at an end.
 My worthy friends, let us not stain our swords
 With needless slaughter: I begin already
 To count this people mine, myself their shepherd,
 Whose office is to feed and to protect them,
 Not to destroy.

CHORUS.

O glorious prince! thrice happy they,
 Born to enjoy thy future sway!

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.—NITOCRIS.

ALTERNATE hopes and fears distract my
 mind:

My weary soul no rest can find.
 My busy fancy now presents
 A gracious scene; my son repents,
 And God recalls his doom:
 Now to false shame he quits his fears,
 False courage takes, and madly dares
 His impious feast resume:
 Then arms and dying groans resound,
 And streams of blood gush out around.

RECITATIVE.

Fain would I hope—Is there not room for hope?

Can th
 His na
 Then
 Grow
 Threa
 And si
 NIT. M
 th
 'Tis plain t
 Where is t
 ARIOCH
 Awhile de
 As doubtin
 Or to cont
 Those inse
 Began to r
 With this,
 'They sat th
 The king t
 And he bla
 When fron
 Was heard
 The king
 I gladly se
 And fled a
 All's los
 Cyrus is h
 NIT. C
 MESS. I

AIR.—DANIEL.

Can the black Æthiop change his skin ?
 His native spots the leopard lose ?
 Then may the heart obdur'd in sin,
 Grow soft, repent, and virtue choose ?
 Threats or advice but move disdain,
 And signs and wonders glare in vain.

NIT. My hopes revive, here Arioch comes: By
 this

'Tis plain the revels are broke up. Say, Arioch,
 Where is the king ?

ARIOCH. When you had left the room,
 Awhile deep silence reign'd: The king sat pensive,
 As doubting whether to break up the banquet,
 Or to continue. At length some parasites,
 Those insects vile that still infest a court,
 Began to minister false comfort to him.

With this, again

They sat them down to drink: The bowl went round:
 The king forgot his fears, the wine inspir'd him,
 And he blasphem'd again. Not long we sat,
 When from without the gates a noise tumultuous
 Was heard, loud shouts and cries, and clashing arms.
 The king deputed some to learn the cause.
 I gladly seiz'd the opportunity,
 And fled a place to swift destruction doom'd.

A MESSENGER.

All's lost!—The fate of Babylon is come!
 Cyrus is here—even within the palace!

NIT. Cyrus!—Impossible!

MESS. It is too true.

A tumult heard without, the gates unbarr'd
 Disclos'd a dreadful scene : The guards o'erpower'd
 By numbers far superior, fell before them
 With faint resistance. The victorious foe
 No sooner saw the gates set open wide,
 But rush'd at once, and easy entrance gain'd.

CHORUS OF JEWS.

Bel boweth down ! Nebo stoopeth !
 How is Sesach taken !
 And how is the praise of the whole earth surpriz'd !
 Thy counsel stands, O Lord,
 And thou dost all thy pleasure.

AIR.—BELSHAZZAR.

I thank thee, Sesach, thy sweet pow'r
 Does to myself myself restore.
 Thy plenteous heart-inspiring juice
 All my courage lost renews.
 I blush to think I shadows fear'd—
 Cyrus, come on : I'm now prepar'd.

AIR.—GOBRYAS.

To pow'r immortal my first thanks are due :
 My next, great Cyrus, let me pay to you ;
 Whose arm this impious king laid low,
 The bitter source of all my woe.
 Tears, sure, will all my life employ !
 Ev'n now I weep—but weep for joy.

RECITATIVE.—CYRUS.

Be it thy care, good Gobryas, to find out
 The queen, and that great Jew, of whom thou told'st
 me ;
 Guard them in safety hither ; if harm befall them,
 I shall repent and curse my victory.

Destr
 Her
 To ty
 To

Great
 No m
 My p
 I mou
 Res
 CYR. R
 Give
 Safe a
 Be sti

A s
 RE

Say, ver
 In Cyrus'

Thee, or t

DAN. C

The God

Long ere

And shew

To him th

The great

In part ac

Fulfil the

Tell it out

AIR.

Destructive war thy limits know:

Here, tyrant death, thy terrors end.
To tyrants only I'm a foe,

To virtue, and her friends, a friend.

DUET.—NITOCRIS.

Great victor, at your feet I bow,

No more a queen,—your vassal now!

My people spare:—Forgive my fears!

I mourn a son!—Indulge my tears;

Resistless nature bids them flow.

CYR. Rise, virtuous queen, compose your mind,

Give fear and sorrow to the wind;

Safe are your people, if they will:

Be still a queen, a mother still:

A son in Cyrus you shall find.

RECITATIVE.—CYRUS TO DANIEL.

Say, venerable prophet, is there ought
In Cyrus' pow'r, by which he can oblige
Thee, or thy people?

DAN. O victorious prince!

The God of Israel, Lord of heav'n and earth,
Long ere thy birth foretold thee by thy name,
And shew'd thy conquest! 'Tis to him thou ow'st,
To him thou must ascribe them. Read those lines,
The great prediction which thou hast already
In part accomplish'd, and (we trust) will soon
Fulfil the rest.

CHORUS.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CYRUS.

Yes, I will build thy city, God of Israel,
 I will release thy captives.
 Hear, holy people ; hear, elect of God.
 The god of Israel—(he alone is God)
 Hath charg'd me to rebuild his house and city,
 And let his exil'd captive people go.
 With transport I obey. Be free, ye captives,
 And to your native land in peace return.
 Thou, O Jerusalem, shalt be rebuilt ;
 O temple, thy foundation shall be laid.
 No thanks to me !—To God return your thanks,
 As I do mine : We all are to his goodness
 Indebted deep : to him be all the praise.

ANTHEM.

I will magnify thee, O God my king,
 And I will praise thy name for ever and ever ;
 My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord,
 And let all flesh give thanks
 Unto his holy name, for ever and ever. Amen.

AN OR

JOSABET

BLOO
 Gre
 Hail, the
 Wake

The rising
 With bigh
 He hung t
 And pour'
 He lent th
 And breat
 The plains
 And beaut
 O mortals,
 So wond'r
 Ah ! think
 How won

ATHALIA:

AN ORATORIO, OR SACRED DRAMA.

JOSABETH, PRIESTS, *and Chorus of young Virgins
and Israelites.*

AIR.—JOSABETH.

BLOOMING virgins, spotless train,
Great Jehovah claims your lays;
Hail, the wonders of his reign,
Wake the day-spring with his praise.

CHORUS OF YOUNG VIRGINS.

The rising world Jehovah crown'd
With bright magnificence; around
He hung the radiant orbs on high,
And pour'd the sun-beams through the sky;
He lent the flow'rs their lovely glow,
And breath'd the fragrance they bestow;
The plains with verdant charms array'd,
And beautify'd with green the glade.
O mortals, if around us here,
So wond'rous all his works appear,
Ah! think with awe, ye sons of men,
How wond'rous is the Author then!

AIR AND CHORUS.

Tyrants would in impious throngs
 Silence his adorers songs;
 But shall Salem's lyre and lute
 At their proud command be mute?
 Tyrants, ye in vain conspire,
 Wake the lute, and strike the lyre.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITE.

When he is in his wrath reveal'd,
 Where will the haughty lie conceal'd?

AIR.—ABNER.

When storms the proud to terrors doom'd,
 He forms the dark majestic scene,
 He rolls the thunder thro' the gloom,
 And on the whirlwind rides serene.

CHORUS.

O Judah, boast his matchless law,
 Pronounc'd with such tremendous awe,
 When tempests his approach proclaim'd,
 And Sinah's trembling mountain flam'd;
 All Judah then his terrors saw.

SCENE II.—*Enter JOAD.*

RECITATIVE.

Your sacred songs awhile forbear,
 Our festival demands your care;
 And now no longer let your stay
 The due solemnities delay.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

O Judah, Judah chosen seed,
 To what sad woes art thou decreed!

How are th
 Thy rites w
 Proud Atha
 Sheds desol
 Bids strang
 And proudl

O L
 Shal
 Ca
 Hear
 The
 T

ATHALIA

A

What sce
 Ishake,
 Is sleep
 To majer

O Matha
 The wild
 MATH
 fe
 What ca

How are thy sacred priests profan'd!
 Thy rites with vile pollution stain'd?
 Proud Athalia's impious hand
 Sheds desolation thro' the land;
 Bids strange unhallow'd altars flame,
 And proudly braves Jehovah's name.

AIR AND CHORUS.—JOAD.

O Lord, whom we adore,
 Shall Judah rise no more?
 Can this be thy decree?
 Hear from thy mercy seat
 The groans thy tribes repeat,
 The sighs they breathe to thee!

SCENE III.

ATHALIA, CHORUS of ATTENDANTS; *to them*
 ABNER and MATHAN.

ATHALIA *starting out of slumber.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

What scenes of horror round me rise!
 I shake, I faint, with dire surprise;
 Is sleep (that frees the wretch from woe)
 To majesty alone a foe?

Enter ABNER and MATHAN.

RECITATIVE.—ATHALIA.

O Mathan, help me to controul
 The wild confusion of my soul.

MATHAN. Why shrinks that mighty soul with
 fear,
 What cares, what dangers can be near?

ATHALIA. Ev'n now, as I was sunk in deep
repose,

My mother's awful form before me rose ;
But, ah ! she chill'd my soul with fear,
For thus she thunder'd in my ear :

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—ATHALIA.

O Athalia, tremble at thy fate,
For Judah's God pursues thee with his hate ;
And will, with unrelenting wrath, this day
Set all his terrors round thee in array.

CHORUS OF ATTENDANTS AND SIDONIAN
PRIESTS.

The Gods, who chosen blessings shed
On Majesty's anointed head ;
For thee their care will still employ,
And brighten all thy fears to joy.

RECITATIVE.—ATHALIA.

Her form at this began to fade,
And seem'd dissolving into shade ;
In waking starts I vainly press'd
To clasp her to my panting breast ;
She, pale from my embrace, withdrew,
And bleeding limbs lay mangled in my view ;
The horrid carnage dogs contending tore,
And drank, with dreadful thirst, the floating gore.

CHORUS OF ATTENDANTS AND SIDONIAN
PRIESTS.

Cheer her, O Baal ! with a soft serene,
And in thy votary protect the queen.

RECITATIVE.—ATHALIA.

Amidst these horrors that my soul dismay'd,
A youth I saw in shining robes array'd,

Such a
When
His lo
Suspe
But as 'the
He plung'
No ef
I shri
MA

The b
Let H
For S

Ge
C
Lul
S

Softes
Heav
Ho
Whil
Tune
Val

Swift to t
What mar
AB
For t

Such as the priests of Judah wear
 When they for solemn pomp prepare;
 His lovely form and winning smile
 Suspended all my fears awhile;
 But as the young barbarian I caress'd,
 He plung'd a dagger deep within my breast;
 No efforts could the blow repel,
 I shriek'd, I fainted, and I fell.

MAT. Great Queen, be calm, these fears I
 deem

The birth of a delusive dream;
 Let Harmony breathe soft around,
 For Sadness ceases at the sound.

AIR.—MATHAN.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
 Call for raptures out of woe;
 Lull the regal mourner's pains,
 Sweetly soothe her as you flow.

AIR.—ATHALIA.

Softest sounds no more can ease me,
 Heav'n a weight of woe decrees me,
 Horrors all my hopes destroy;
 Whilst such rising torments grieve me,
 Tuneful strains can ne'er relieve me,
 Vain is all the voice of joy.

RECITATIVE.—MATHAN.

Swift to the temple let us fly, to know
 What mansion hides this youthful foe.

ABNER. I'll haste the pontiff to prepare,
 For this black storm of wild despair.

CHORUS OF ATTENDANTS.

The traitor, if you there descry,
O let him by the altar die.

SCENE IV.

JOAD, JOSABETH, CHORUS, and to them ABNER.

RECITATIVE.—JOAD.

My Josabeth, the grateful time appears,
To bid dejected Judah end her fears.

JOSABETH. O tell the people, as I oft have crav'd,
That I from death the royal infant sav'd.

Enter ABNER.

Priest of the living God, with anxious heart,
Proud Athalia's purpose I impart :

With vengeful haste she marches here,
To brave the God whom we revere;
She says, this pile conceals a youthful foe,
Whose fall, she means, shall end her jealous woe.

Jos. O, killing shock of unexpected pain !
O, innocence ! my tender care is vain :
Must I, at last, my cherish'd joys forego,
And drink, alas ! this bitter cup of woe ?

AIR.—JOSABETH.

Faithful cares, in vain extended ;
Lovely hopes for ever ended ;
Beamy dawn of joy farewell ;
Gentle death at last relieve me,
From the cruel woes that grieve me,
Thou alone can'st now repel.

O cease, fa
No mortal
This grief,
Can God n
I trust he v
To make u

Glo
Al
All y
An

JOASH, JOA

THE
Is
He mak
The ple
He bids
Recals t
With bl
And cro

RECITATIVE.—ABNER.

O cease, fair princess, to indulge your woe,
 No mortal to your son can prove a foe;
 This grief, O Josabeth, degrades your soul,
 Can God no longer Judah's foe controul?
 I trust he will his gracious care employ,
 To make us close this festival with joy.

AIR.—JOAD.

Gloomy tyrants, we disdain
 All the terrors you intend;
 All your fury will be vain,
 And in low confusion end.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

PART THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

JOASH, JOAD, JOSABETH, ZACHARIAS, PRIESTS,
 LEVITES, and CHORUS.

CHORUS.

THE mighty pow'r in whom we trust
 Is ever to his promise just;
 He makes this sacred day appear
 The pledge of a propitious year:
 He bids the circling season shine,
 Recals the olive and the vine,
 With blooming plenty loads the plain,
 And crowns the fields with golden grain;

Give glory to his awful name,
Let ev'ry voice his praise proclaim.

AIR.—JOSABETH.

Thro' the land so lovely blooming,
Nature all her charms assuming,
Wakes the soul to cheerful praise:
Verdant scenes around us rising,
Each delighted scene surprising,
Softly crown the circling days.

RECITATIVE.—ABNER.

Ah! were this land from proud Oppression freed,
Judah would be blest indeed.

JOAD. O, Abner! wert thou certain that the sword
Had not destroy'd the race by thee deplor'd:
Did one dear branch of that great stem remain,
Wouldst thou, O Abner, then this cause maintain?

AIR.—ABNER.

Ah! canst thou but prove me,
To vengeance I spring,
No terrors shall move me,
I'll fall for my king:
But, whilst you relieve me
Awhile from my pain,
I fear you deceive me
With joys that are vain.

RECITATIVE.—JOAD.

Thou dost the ardour that I wish display,
Revisit me before the close of day;
See the proud imperious queen
Approaches with a glaring mien.

Confusion
My dread
Thro' all

(To Jos.)
Jos. Th

Is not ind

ATH. V

Jos. H

ATH. (

I mean th

(To JOAS

JOASH.

ATH. U

JOASH.

Cast by P

As yet acc

ATH. C

Sustain'd

Will C

Expo

The li

All na

Each

He fe

SCENE II.—*Enter ATHALIA.*

RECITATIVE.

Confusion to my thoughts! my eyes have view'd
My dreadful vision in this place renew'd.

Thro' all my veins the chilling horrors run;

(*To Jos.*) Say, Josabeth, is this fair youth thy son?

Jos. Tho' much he merits my fond love, yet he
Is not indebted for his birth to me.

ATH. Who is thy father? Let his name be known.

Jos. He has no father, but kind heav'n alone;

ATH. (*To Jos.*) Why so officious does thy zeal
appear?

I mean the answer from his lips to hear.

(*To JOASH*) How art thou call'd?

JOASH. Eliakim.

ATH. Unfold thy father's name?

JOASH. In me, alas! behold an orphan,
Cast by Providence, and ne'er

As yet acquainted who his parents were.

ATH. Give me to understand whose tender cares,
Sustain'd and rear'd thee in thy infant years?

AIR.—JOASH.

Will God, whose mercies ever flow,
Expose his children's youth to woe?
The little birds his bounty taste,
All nature with his gifts are grac'd;
Each day that I his care implore,
He feeds me from his altar's store.

RECITATIVE.—ATHALIA.

'Tis my intention, lovely youth, that you
A scene more suited to your worth shall view;
You to the palace shall this day repair,
And live consign'd to Athalia's care.

JOASH. Shall I behold the God by whom I'm
bless'd,

Prophan'd by you with rites that I detest.

ATH. (*To Jos.*) Princess, in discipline you much
excel,

Whate'er you dictate he remembers well;
But be assured that one revolving hour,
Shall snatch your learned pupil from your pow'r.

AIR.—ATHALIA.

My vengeance awakes me,
Compassion forsakes me,
All softness and mercy away;
My foes, with confusion,
Shall find their illusion,
And tremble before me to day.

DUET.—JOSABETH AND JOASH.

My spirits fail, I faint, I die,
The grave shall hide my head;
My grief's too great to bear. Ah! why
Is Hope for ever fled?
For thee sorrows rend me,
Kind heav'n will befriend me;
Thy ardours affect me;
He sure will protect me;
My grief's too great to bear.

What
O Go

Re-enter to
GINS, and

Dear Josa
Did in its
But when
My fading

Cea
I

Jud
S

Jos.

G

And

E

What

Retur

Joad, e'er
Again exp

The c

And j

CH

When

The g

Whate'er this tyrant may decree,
O God, I place my trust in thee.

SCENE III.

Re-enter to them JOAD, CHORUS of YOUNG VIR-
GINS, and CHORUS of PRIESTS and LEVITES.

RECITATIVE.—JOAD.

Dear Josabeth, I trembled whilst thy woe
Did in its first emotions widely flow,
But when at last thou didst the pang controul,
My fading joy re-kindled in my soul.

DUET.—JOAD.

Cease thy anguish, smile once more,
Let thy tears no longer flow;
Judah's God, whom we adore,
Soon to joy will change thy woe.
Jos. All his mercies I review,
Gladly with a grateful heart;
And, I trust, he will renew
Blessings he did once impart.
Whate'er this tyrant may decree,
Returning joys we soon shall see.

RECITATIVE.—ABNER.

Joad, e'er day has ended half his race,
Again expect me in this secret place.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

The clouded scene begins to clear,
And joys in gentle trains appear.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS AND LEVITES.

When crimes aloud for vengeance call,
The guilty will be doom'd to fall.

Rejoice, O Judah, in thy God,
The proud alone shall feel his rod,
Whilst blessings with a mild decree,
His mercy now prepares for thee.

PART THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—JOAD, JOSABETH, PRIESTS, LEVITES,
and CHORUS of YOUNG VIRGINS.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JOAD.

WHAT sacred horrors shake my breast?
Ah! 'tis the pow'r divine confest.

Who can his energy controul?

He comes, he comes, and fires my soul!

CHORUS.

Unfold, great seer, what heav'n imparts,
And speak glad tidings to our hearts.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JOAD.

Let harmony breathe soft around,
And aid my raptures with the sound.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Jerusalem, thou shalt no more
A tyrant's guilty reign deplore;
No longer with dejected brow,
Shall solitary sit as now;

Her fury soon shall cease to grieve thee,
Destin'd vengeance swiftly flies;
Heaven itself will now relieve me,
See she falls, she bleeds, she dies!

O shin

That a

R

Elia

JOASH.

JOAD.

Should hea

What reig

Choose for

JOASH.

Like righte

JOAD. C

I pay the l

JOASH.

Ah! can I

Jos. Ye

Revere you

With f

Will c

O Princess

How much

JOSA. W

h

Has heav'n

MAT. F

Trust me, i

O shining mercy, gracious pow'r,
That aids us in the needful hour.

RECITATIVE.—JOAD TO JOASH.

Eliakim!

JOASH. My father!

JOAD. Let me know,
Should heav'n on thee a diadem bestow,
What reign of Judah's kings wouldst thou that day,
Choose for the model of thy future sway?

JOASH. Should God such glory for my lot ordain,
Like righteous David I would wish to reign.

JOAD. O Joash! O my king, thus low to thee
I pay the homage of my bended knee.

JOASH. Is this reality or kind deceit!
Ah! can I see my father at my feet?

Jos. Ye sacred bands who serve the God of truth,
Revere your sov'reign in that royal youth.

CHORUS.

With firm united hearts, we all
Will conquer in his cause or fall.

SCENE II.—*Enter MATHAN.*

RECITATIVE.

O Princess, I approach thee to declare
How much thy welfare is my care.

JOSA. What means, proud Mathan, thy intrusion
here?

Has heav'n no vengeance for thy crimes to fear?

MAT. Fair Josabeth, tho' you insult me so,
Trust me, in Mathan you behold no foe.

AIR.—JOSABETH.

Soothing tyrant falsely smiling,
 Virtue's foes I ne'er shall fear;
 Flatt'ring sounds and looks beguiling,
 Lose their artful meaning here.
 Go, thou vain deceiver, go,
 Alike to me a friend or foe.

SCENE III.—*Re-enter* JOAD.

RECITATIVE.

Apostate priest! how canst thou dare,
 To violate this house of pray'r?

MAT. Joad, I scorn thy proud insulting mien;
 Prepare to answer thy offended queen.

SCENE IV.—*Enter* ATHALIA, ABNER, and
 CHORUS of SIDONIAN PRIESTS.

ATHA. O, bold seducer, art thou there?
 Where is the youth, inform me where?

JOAD. Ye priests, the youth before her bring.
 Proud woman! there behold our king.

CHORUS.

Around let acclamations ring;
 Hail, royal youth, long live the king!

SOLO.—JOAD AND CHORUS.

Reviving Judah shall no more
 Detested images adore;
 We'll purge, with a reforming hand,
 Idolatry from out the land;
 May God, from whom all mercies spring,
 Bless the true church and save the king.

O tre
 Abne
 JOAD. C
 Preserv'd
 Thy daun
 Thou can
 ABNER

O royal J

Oppress
 Thy t
 Thy cri
 And J

When
 When
 Math
 His v
 MAT. I
 The H
 Alas!
 His d

Hark
 His
 His a
 Is n
 Ah!
 Open

RECITATIVE.—ATHALIA.

O treason, treason, impious scene !

Abner, avenge thy injur'd queen.

JOAD. Great chief, behold the royal Joash there,
Preserv'd by Josabeth's successful care,
Thy dauntless loyalty of soul I know,
Thou can'st not be to David's race a foe.

ABNER. Does heav'n this blessing then at last accord ?

O royal Joash, O my honour'd lord !

AIR.—ABNER.

Oppression no longer I dread thee,
Thy terrors, proud queen, I despise ;
Thy crimes to confusion have led thee,
And Judah triumphant shall rise.

RECITATIVE.—ATHALIA.

Where am I ? furies ! wild despair !
Where are my guards, my vassals where ?
Mathan, invoke thy God to shed
His vengeance on each rebel's head.

MAT. He hears no more, our hopes are past,
The Hebrew's God prevails at last ;
Alas ! alas ! my broken vow ;
His dreadful hand is on me now.

AIR.—MATHAN.

Hark ! hark ! his thunders round me roll,
His angry awful frowns I see ;
His arrows wound my trembling soul,
Is no more mercy left for me ?
Ah ! no, he now denies to save,
Open, O earth ! and be my grave.

ATHALIA.

RECITATIVE.—JOAD.

Yes, proud apostate ! thou shalt fall,
Thy crimes aloud for vengeance call.

ATH. I see all hopes, all succours fail,
And Judah's God will now prevail.
I see my death this day decreed ;
But, traitors, I can dare to bleed ;
Let Jezabel's great soul my bosom fill,
And ev'n in death, proud priest ! I'll triumph still.

AIR.—ATHALIA.

To darkness eternal,
And horrors infernal,
Undaunted I'll hasten away ;
O tyrants, your treason
Shall, in the due season,
Weep blood for this barbarous day.

SCENE V.—JOASH, JOAD, JOSABETH, ABNER,
and CHORUS.

RECITATIVE.—JOAD.

Now, Josabeth, thy fears are o'er ;
Bless'd be his name whom we adore.

DUET.

Joys in gentle trains appearing,
Heav'n does to my fair impart ;
And to make them more endearing,
I shall share them with thy heart.
Jos. Softest joys would but deceive me,
Hadst thou not thy happy part ;
O my dearest Lord believe me,
Thou shalt share them with my heart.

JOAD
Jos.
JOAD
I sh

Rejoice, O
Let all the
Who's me
His chosen

Give
Let ev

Throu
Natur
Wa
Verda
Each
Soft

JOAD. I shall share them with thy heart.

JOS. Thou shalt share them with my heart.

JOAD. And to make them more endearing,
I shall share them with thy heart.

RECITATIVE.—ABNER.

Rejoice, O Judah ! this triumphant day
Let all the goodness of our God display ;
Who's mercies to the wond'ring world declare,
His chosen people are his chosen care.

CHORUS.

Give glory to his awful name,
Let ev'ry voice his praise proclaim.

APPENDIX.

AIR AND CHORUS.—JOAD.

O LORD whom we adore,
Shall Judah rise no more ?
Can this be thy decree ?
Hear from thy mercy-seat,
The groans thy tribes repeat,
The sighs they breathe to thee.

AIR.—JOSABETH.

Through the land so lovely blooming,
Nature all her charms assuming,
Wakes the soul to cheerful praise ;
Verdant scenes around us rising,
Each delightful sense surprising,
Softly crown the circling days.

DEBORAH:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

IMMORTAL Lord of earth and skies,
Whose wonders all around us rise;
Whose anger, when it awful glows,
To swift perdition dooms thy foes;
O grant a leader to our host,
Whose name with honour we may boast;
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
And break our proud oppressor's chain.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

O Barak, favour'd of the skies,
O son of Abinoam, rise;
Heaven by thy arm his people saves,
And dooms our tyrants for our slaves.

BARAK. O Deborah, with wise prediction blest,
To whom futurity stands forth confest;
Will heaven on me a gift so great bestow,
And grace the meanest of his servants so?

Where
Ho
Shall
And
DEB. Trust
To
Act n
Th

Forbear
Thy G

Since hea
Submission
But ere
O prop
And let
To sup

For eve
Jehova

RECITA
By tha
That c
By tha
Refulg
That st
And sp
O thou
Thy su

DUET.

Where do thy ardours raise me,
 How shall I soar to fame?
 Shall then my conduct praise me,
 And thus adorn my name?

DEB. Trust in the God that fires thee
 To vindicate his laws;
 Act now as he inspires thee,
 Thou shalt revive our cause.

CHORUS.

Forbear thy doubts, to arms away,
 Thy God commands, do thou obey.

RECITATIVE.—BARAK.

Since heaven has thus his will express'd,
 Submission now becomes me best;
 But ere we stand in arms array'd,
 O prophetess, implore his aid,
 And let uniting Judah join,
 To supplicate the power divine.

CHORUS.

For ever to the voice of prayer,
 Jehovah lends a gracious ear.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—DEBORAH.

By that adorable decree,
 That chaos cloth'd with symmetry;
 By that resistless power that made
 Refulgent brightness start from shade;
 That still'd contending atoms strife,
 And spake creation into life;
 O thou supreme transcendant Lord,
 Thy succours to our cries afford.

DEBORAH.

CHORUS.

O hear thy lowly servants' prayer,
And grant them thy propitious care.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

Ye sons of Israel, cease your tears,
Jehovah your petition hears;
The impious chief of Canaan's host,
That made our fall his darling boast,
Shall perish on the crimson sand,
Ignobly by a woman's hand.

CHORUS.

O blast with thy tremendous brow,
The tyrants that insult us now.

RECITATIVE.—BARAK.

To whomsoe'er his fate the tyrant owes,
My trust no pangs of pining envy knows;
Thy lovely sex, O Deborah, may claim
Equal prerogative with man in fame;
And none but savage breasts alone,
Their charming merit can disown.

AIR.

How lovely is the blooming fair,
Whose beauty virtue's laws refine;
She well may claim our softest care,
For sure she almost seems divine.

RECITATIVE.—JAEI.

O Deborah! where'er I turn my eyes,
Grim scenes of war in all their horrors rise.
O grant me in my green retreat,
Where solitude has fix'd her seat;

To liv
From
DEB. H
Of proud
For heav'n
Thy v
Shall s
That t
Thy s
Choir
Lest o
Wat
Judah
Deign
From
My tr
On the
God d
My lif
But ke
Ambit
To joy
No
He gu
And
Barak
Of acc

To live in peace, sequester'd far
From dire alarms and sanguine war.

DEB. Hear me then Jael, let no fear
Of proud hostility thy peace impair,
For heav'n has made thee its peculiar care. }

Thy virtue, ere the close of day,
Shall shine with such a bright display,
That thou shalt be by all confest,
Thy sexes pride divinely blest.

AIR.—DEBORAH.

Choirs of angels all around thee,
Lest oppression should confound thee,
Watchful wail in radiant throngs;
Judah's God, array'd in splendour,
Deigns to be thy great defender,
From all meditated wrongs.

RECITATIVE.—JAEI.

My transports are too great to tell,
On the dear theme I could for ever dwell;
God does not only condescend,
My life from danger to defend;
But keeps for me such joys in store,
Ambition could not ask for more.

AIR.

To joy he brightens my despair,
No rising pangs my peace controul;
He guards me with a father's care,
And pours his mercy on my soul.

RECITATIVE.—ABINOAM.

Barak, my son, the joyful sound
Of acclamations all around,

Give me to know the glorious weight of cares
 God for thy fortitude prepares;
 Swift may thy virtues Judah's hope out-run,
 And make thy father boast of such a son.

AIR.

Awake the ardour of thy breast,
 For victory, or death, prepare;
 Let all thy virtue shine confest,
 And leave the rest to heaven's care.
 Should conquest crown thee in the field,
 Be humble, or if death's the doom,
 Thy life with resignation yield,
 And crowds will envy thee thy tomb.

RECITATIVE.—BARAK.

I go where heav'n and duty calls,
 Prepar'd to conquer or to fall:
 All danger disdaining for battle I glow,
 Thy glory maintaining I'll rush on the foe;
 Tho' death all around me stalks dreadfully pale,
 No fear shall confound me, my cause shall prevail.

CHORUS.

Let thy deeds be glorious,
 And thy right hand victorious.

RECITATIVE.—HERALD.

My charge is to declare,
 From Sisera, a name renown'd in war,
 That he with indignation knows,
 How you presume to be his foes;
 Yet such compassion in his bosom reigns,
 That ere he galls you with redoubled chains,

He condescend
 An interview
 And the same
 Will grant

BAR. Pr
 He breathe
 Tell him be
 For interview

DEB. Le
 We in the c

BAR. W
 gl
 We dread

D
 Sh
 W
 O

He condescends to offer, these your chiefs,
An interview, that he may learn your griefs;
And the sad waste of human blood to save,
Will grant you all that slaves may dare to crave.

BAR. Proud infidel! go; let the boaster hear
He breathes no wrath we condescend to fear;
Tell him besides, that Judah now prepares
For interview or battle, as he dares.

DEB. Let him approach, pacific or in rage,
We in the cause of liberty engage.

BAR. Whilst that bright motive in our bosom
glows,
We dread no menace, and we shun no foes.

CHORUS.

Despair all around them
Shall swiftly confound them;
While transports of joy
Our praise shall employ.

Hallelujah!

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

SEE the proud chief advances now,
 With sullen march and gloomy brow;
 Jacob, arise, assert thy God,
 And scorn oppression's iron rod.

RECITATIVE.—SISERA.

That here rebellious arms I see,
 Proud Deborah, proceeds from thee;
 But wouldst thou yet thy vain ambition cease,
 Whilst our affronted mercy offers peace,
 Bow down submissive, ere the impending blow
 Lays thee and all thy lost associates low.

AIR.

At my feet extended low,
 Favour by thy tears engage,
 Or thou soon shalt trembling know,
 Slighted mercy turns to rage.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

Go forth, barbarian, where thou art fear'd,
 None but our God is here rever'd;
 Our breasts his inspiration warms,
 To vindicate his cause by arms;
 And to thy ruin thou shalt know,
 What 'tis to find that God thy foe.

AIR.

In Jehovah's awful sight,
 Haughty tyrants are but dust;
 Those who glory in their might,
 Place in vanity their trust.

Yes, how
 Your low

Whils
 Of yo
 Has
 Think
 All yo
 All

Impic
 Great
 And l
 All

And
 Plagu

RECIT
 Behol
 What

To hi
 Did b

O Ba
 To w
 From
 Recei

By th
 The c
 The v
 The f

RECITATIVE.—SISERA.

Yes, how your God in wonders can excel,
Your low captivity demonstrates well.

AIR.

Whilst you boast the wond'rous story,
Of your God's transcendant glory,
Has he freed you from our chain?
Think, O think, to your confusion,
All you trust in is illusion,
All your flatt'ring hopes are vain.

AIR.—BARAK.

Impious mortal, cease to brave us,
Great Jehovah soon will save us,
And his time we wait with pleasure;
All his people he'll defend,
And on their oppressors send
Plagues and vengeance without measure.

RECITATIVE.—CHIEF PRIESTS OF BAAL.

Behold the nations all around,
What god, like Baal, is renown'd;
To him your stubborn tribes would bow,
Did but the slaves their duty know.

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise;
From thee the sun immensely bright,
Received his radiant robes of light;
By thee with stars the heavens glow,
The ocean swells, and rivers flow;
The vales with verdure are array'd,
The flowers perfume the thicket's shade;

And 'tis by the event confess'd,
Thy votaries alone are blest.

RECIT.—CHIEF PRIESTS OF THE ISRAELITES.

No more, ye infidels! no more,
False is the god whom ye adore,
A dull brute idol, whose detested shrine,
None but such wretches can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity, who hast in store
Plagues for the proud and mercy for the poor;
Look down from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known.

CHORUS.

Plead thy just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants and confound their foes.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

By his great name, and his alone,
Whose deity you dare disown;
Whose kindled wrath ye soon shall know,
Will prove him a tremendous foe;
Fly, I conjure ye, from this place,
Too sacred for a throng so base.
SIS. We go, but ye shall quickly mourn,
In tears of blood, our dire return.

CHORUS.

DEB. All your boast will end in woe,

SIS. Farewell, despicable foe!

BAR. Baal has no power to save,

BAAL PR. Mighty Baal's aid we crave.

CHORUS.

Poor deluded mortals go,
Baal's pow'r ye soon shall know.

Great
To ex
O tha
My father

In the
We
And o
Soo

Thy ardou
Its weakn
And well
Justice is

Swift in
Pour
Can fan
They
REC
O Ju
The l

No n
No
From
To

Now
Our

RECITATIVE.—BARAK.

Great prophetess, my soul's on fire,
 To execute the ardour you aspire :
 O that the fight were now begun,
 My father should not blush to call me son.

AIR.

In the battle fame pursuing,
 We'el with slaughter float the plains ;
 And our tyrants, low in ruins,
 Soon shall wear their captives' chains.

RECITATIVE.—ABINOAM.

Thy ardours warm the winter of my age,
 Its weakness strengthens and its pains assuage ;
 And well dost thou our impious foes deride,
 Justice is thine, and God is on thy side.

AIR.

Swift inundation of desolation,
 Pour on the nation of Judah's foes ;
 Can fame delight thee, can heav'n incite thee,
 They now invite thee to end our woes.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

O Judah, with what joy I see
 The blessings heav'n preserves for thee.

AIR.

No more disconsolate I'll mourn,
 No more sad sackcloth wear ;
 From chains to freedom we return,
 To transport from despair.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

Now, Jael, to thy tent retire,
 Our bosoms for the battle fire ;

But know thy solitude will thee supply,
With glory that shall never die.

AIR.—JAEI.

O the pleasure my soul is possessing,
At the prospect of mercies so dear,
May my bosom be ever expressing,
With what raptures my God I revere.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

Barak, we now to battle go,
And rush with ruin on the foe.

DUET.

Smiling freedom, lovely guest,
Balmy source of softest joy,
Mortals by thy aid are blest,
With such charms that never cloy.
BAR. Thy dear presence to obtain,
Sweetly smoothing ev'ry care,
Who would dread the hostile plain,
Who each danger would not dare?

CHORUS.

The great King of kings will aid us to-day,
His praises let all with transport display.

N
Bro
Loa
RECI
The haugh
Is fall'n, is
Now s
And
Each
Eac
My prayer
All my pas
The s
My Barak
BARAK
Well has t
Tears
Wa
For jo
My

PART THE THIRD.

CHORUS.

NOW the proud insulting foe,
 Prostrate in the dust lies low;
 Broken chariots, hills of slain,
 Load the wide-extended plain.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

The haughty foe, whose pride to heav'n did soar,
 Is fall'n, is fall'n, and Canaan is no more.

AIR.

Now sweetly smiling peace descends,
 And waves her downy wings;
 Each blessing in her train attends,
 Each joy around her springs.

RECITATIVE.—ABINOAM.

My prayers are heard; the blessings of this day
 All my past cares, and anguish, well repay;
 The soldiers to each other tell,
 My Barak has perform'd his duty well.

BARAK. My honour'd father!

ABINOAM. O, my son, my son,
 Well has thy youth the race of honour won.

AIR.—ABINOAM.

Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
 Warm from my aged eyes descend;
 For joy to think, when I am dead,
 My son shall have mankind his friend.

RECITATIVE.—JAEI.

O, Deborah! my fears are o'er,
Proud Sisera is now no more.

CHORUS OF BAAL'S PRIESTS.

Doleful tidings, how ye wound,
Despair and Death are in that sound.

AIR.—ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Our fears are now for ever fled,
Our eyes no more shall flow;
Swift vengeance has laid low the head
Of our imperious foe.

RECITATIVE.—BARAK.

I saw the tyrant breathless in her tent,
Her arm, his soul to endless darkness sent;
But see the glad assembly wait to know
How thou did'st rid them of so fierce a foe;
Already thou hast told it me,
But the relation will please more from thee.

JAEI. When from the battle that proud captain
fled,

Vengeance divine to my pavillion led
The trembling fugitive, who pale with care
Besought me, panting to conceal him there;
With flaming thirst, and anguish in his look,
He ask'd for water from the limpid brook,
But milk I gave him, in a copious bowl,
With ecstasy he quaff'd, and cool'd his soul;
And then with his laborious flight oppress'd,
In some few moments he sunk down to rest;
Then was I conscious, heav'n that happy hour
Had placed the foe of Judah in my pow'r,

The workm
And whilst
I through h
And rivette

Tyrant
All t
Justice
Thos

If Ja
When
All tha
O Ja

The gl
His l
And m
Whe

May h
Its cho

Low a
And
And la
That

RECITA
O, gre
Thus p

The workman's hammer and a nail I seiz'd,
 And whilst his limbs in deep repose he eas'd,
 I through his bursting temples forc'd the wound,
 And rivetted the tyrant to the ground.

AIR.—JAEI.

Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,
 All thy insolence is o'er;
 Justice to thy ruin led thee,
 Thou art fall'n to rise no more.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

If Jael, I aright divine,
 When men hereafter would proclaim,
 All that is noble by one name,
 O Jael, they will mention thine.

AIR.

The glorious sun shall cease to shed
 His beamy treasure from the skies;
 And merit shall be virtue's dread,
 Whene'er thy blest memorial dies.

RECITATIVE.—BARAK.

May heav'n, with kind profusion, shed
 Its chosen joys on Jael's head.

AIR.

Low at her feet he bow'd, he fell,
 And laid in dust his haughty head;
 And late posterity shall tell
 That where he bow'd, he fell down dead.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—DEBORAH.

O, great Jehovah! may thy foes
 Thus perish, who thy laws oppose;

But, oh! let all who love thy praise,
And dedicate to thee their days,
Shine, like the sun, divinely bright,
When forth he marches in his might,
To run his radiant race of light.

CHORUS.

Let our glad songs to heav'n ascend,
For Judah's God is Judah's friend.

CHORUS.

O celebrate his sacred name,
With gratitude his praise proclaim.
Hallelujah.

APPENDIX.

AIR.

CEASE, O Judah, cease thy mourning,
See the days of bliss returning,
Yield your hearts to cheerful praise;
Tell in songs your joyful story,
Give to God alone the glory,
Whence you boast your happy days.

AIR.

To joy he brightens my despair,
No rising pangs my peace controul;
He guards me with a father's care,
And pours his mercy on my soul.

AIR.

Hateful man, thy raptur'd mind
Vainly swells with proud disdain;
Know, that soon thy land shall find,
Vain her trust, her triumphs vain.

RECITATIVE.—DEBORAH.

Let him approach pacific, or in rage,
We in the cause of liberty engage.

BAR. Whilst that bright motive in our bosom glows,
We dread no menace, and we shun no foes.

ESTHER:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.—HABDONAH.

'TIS greater far to spare than to destroy.

HAMAN. I'll hear no more; 'tis decreed,
All the Jewish race shall bleed.

Hear and obey what Haman's voice commands:

Hath not the Lord of all the East

Giv'n all his pow'r into my hands?

Hear, all ye nations, far and wide,

Which own our monarch's sway,

Hear and obey.

AIR.

Pluck root and branch from out the land:

Shall I the God of Israel fear?

Let Jewish blood dye ev'ry hand,

Nor age, nor sex I spare.

Raze, raze, their temples to the ground,

And let their place no more be found.

OFFICER. Our souls with ardour glow,
To execute the blow.

RECITATIVE.

Jerusalem no more shall mourn
In sad captivity forlorn:
The righteous God, in whom we trust,
Will be propitious to the just.
To rapture, then, your voices raise,
And change your sighs to songs of praise.

CHORUS.

Shall we the God of Israel fear?
Nor age, nor sex we'll spare:
Pluck root and branch from out the land.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Now Persecution shall lay by her iron rod,
Esther is queen, and Esther serves the living God.

AIR.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Tune your harps to cheerful strains,
Moulder idols into dust;
Great Jehovah lives and reigns,
We in great Jehovah trust.

CHORUS.

Shall we of servitude complain,
The heavy yoke and galling chain!

AIR.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

Praise the Lord with cheerful noise,
Wake my glory, wake my lyre;
Praise the Lord each mortal voice,
Praise the Lord, ye heavenly choir.
Zion now her head shall raise,
Tune your harps to songs of praise.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ISRAELITE.

O God, who from the suckling's mouth
Ordainest early praise;
Of such as worship thee in truth,
Accept the humble lays.

AIR.—ISRAELITE.

Sing songs of praise, bow down the knee,
Our chains we slight,
Our yoke is light,
The worship of our God is free;
Sion again her head shall raise,
Tune all your harps to songs of praise.

AIR.

Breathe soft ye gales, ye rills in silence roll,
And heavenly peace reside in Esther's soul.

RECITATIVE.

How have our sins provok'd the Lord!
Wild Persecution has unsheath'd the sword.
Haman hath sent forth his decree:
The sons of Israel, all,
Shall in one ruin fall.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Methinks I hear the mother's groans,
While babes are dash'd against the stones.
I hear the infant's shriller screams,
Stabb'd at the mother's breast;
Blood stains the murd'rer's vest,
And through the city flows in streams.

CHORUS.

Ye sons of Israel mourn,
Ye never to your country shall return.

O

As in
Shall

Why

Why

Speak

S

V

Mo

Hath

Go, stand

ESTH. V

Dread

Love

Fea

Follow

For th

Dea

PART THE SECOND.

AIR.

O JORDAN, Jordan, sacred tide !
 Shall we no more behold thee glide
 The fertile vales along,
 As in our great forefathers days ?
 Shall not thy hills resound with praise,
 And learn our holy song ?

RECITATIVE.—ESTHER.

Why sits that sorrow on thy brow ?
 Why is thy rev'rend head
 With mournful ashes spread ?
 Why is that humble sackcloth worn ?
 Speak, Mordecai, my kinsman, friend,
 Speak, and let Esther know
 Why all this solemn woe ?

MORDECAI. One fate involves us all,
 Haman's decree,
 To strike at me,

Hath said that ev'ry Jew shall fall.

Go, stand before the king with weeping eye.

ESTH. Who goes, unsummon'd, by the laws shall
 die.

AIR.—MORDECAI.

Dread not, righteous Queen, the danger;
 Love will pacify his anger :
 Fear is due to God alone.
 Follow great Jehovah's calling,
 For thy kindred's safety falling,
 Death is better than a throne.

RECITATIVE.—ESTHER.

I go before the king to stand,
Stretch forth, O king, thy scepter'd hand.

AIR.

Tears assist me, Pity moving,
Justice, cruel Fraud reproving:
Hear, O God! thy servant's pray'r.
Is it blood that must atone?
Take, O take my life alone,
And thy chosen people spare.

CHORUS.

Save us, O Lord!
And blunt the wrathful sword!

RECITATIVE.—AHASUERUS.

Who dares intrude into our presence without our
leave!

It is decreed,
He dies for this audacious deed.
Ha! Esther there!

The law condemns, but love will spare.

ESTH. My spirits sink, alas! I faint.

AHASUERUS. Ye powers! what paleness spreads
her beauteous face!

Esther, awake, thou fairest of thy race;

Esther, awake and live, 'tis my command.

Behold the golden sceptre in my hand!

Sure sign of grace;

The bloody stern decree

Was never meant, my Queen, to strike at thee.

DUET.

ESTH. Who calls my parting soul from death?

AHAS. Awake, my soul, my life, my breath...

ESTH. Hear my suit, or else I die.

AHAS. Ask my Queen, can I deny?

AIR.—AHASUERUS.

My beauteous Queen, unclothe those eyes,

My fairest shall not bleed,

Hear Love's soft voice that bids thee rise,

And bids thy suit succeed.

Ask, and 'tis granted; from this hour

Who shares our heart shall share our pow'r.

RECITATIVE.—ESTHER.

If I find favour in thy sight,

May the great monarch of the East

Honour my feast,

And deign to be his servant's guest.

The King, and Haman, I invite.

AIR.—AHASUERUS.

How can I stay when Love invites?

I come, my Queen, to chaste delights.

With joy, with pleasure I obey;

Unto thee I give the day.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ISRAELITE.

With inward joy his visage glows,

He to the Queen's apartment goes:

SECOND ISRAELITE.

Beauty has his fury charm'd,

And all his wrath disarm'd.

AIR.

Watchful angels, let her share

Your indulgent, daily care.

Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Virtue, Truth, and Innocence,
 Shall ever be her sure defence;
 She is heav'n's peculiar care,
 Propitious heav'n will hear her pray'r.

PART THE THIRD.

AIR.—MORDECAI.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with glory bright,
 Surrounded with eternal light;
 Whose ministers are flames of fire,
 Arise, and execute thine ire.

CHORUS.

He comes! he comes to end our woes,
 And pour his vengeance on our foes!
 Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod,
 Jacob, arise, and meet thy God.

RECITATIVE.—AHASUERUS.

Now, O Queen, thy suit declare,
 Ask half my empire, and 'tis thine.

ESTH. O gracious king, my people spare,
 For in their lives you strike at mine.

Reverse the dire decree;
 The blow is aim'd at Mordecai and me.
 And is the fate of Mordecai decreed,
 Who, when the ruffian's sword
 Sought to destroy my royal lord,
 Brought forth to light the desp'rate deed!

AHAS. Yes, yes, I own,
 To him alone
 I owe my life and throne.

Say, then, my Queen, who dares pursue
The life to which reward is due?

ESTH. 'Tis Haman's hate
That sign'd his fate.

AHAS. I swear by yon bright globe of light,
That rules the day,
That Haman's sight
Shall never more behold that golden ray!

AIR.—HAMAN.

Turn not, O Queen, thy face away,
Behold me prostrate on the ground!
O speak, his glowing fury stay,
Let Mercy in thy sight be found.

AIR.—ESTHER.

Flatt'ring tongue, no more I hear thee,
Vain are all thy cruel wiles;
Bloody wretch, no more I fear thee,
Vain thy frowns, and vain thy smiles.
Tyrant, when of power possess'd,
Now thou tremblest, when distress'd.

RECITATIVE.—AHASUERUS.

Guards, seize the traitor, bear him hence,
Death shall reward the dire offence.
To Mordecai be honour paid;
The royal garment bring:
My diadem shall grace his head;
Let him in triumph thro' the streets be led,
Who sav'd the king.

AIR.

Thro' the nation he shall be
Next in dignity to me;

All my people shall revere
 Merit to their prince so dear.
 Daily to his honour'd name
 Incense shall on altars flame;
 Whilst applauding crowds, around,
 Shall his deathless fame resound.

CHORUS.

All applauding crowds, around,
 Shall his deathless fame resound.

AIR.—HAMAN.

How art thou fallen from thy height!
 Tremble Ambition at the sight,
 In pow'r let Mercy sway,
 When adverse Fortune is thy lot,
 Lest thou by Mercy be forgot,
 And perish in that day.

AIR.

So much beauty sweetly blooming,
 Shall thy consort's soul enslave;
 In thy lovely pow'r pursuing,
 Ask him all thy heart can crave.

AIR AND DUET.—ESTHER.

I'll proclaim the wond'rous story
 Of the mercies I receive,
 From the day-spring's dawning glory,
 Till the fading beam of eve.
 ISRAELITE WOMAN. All the blessings heaven is
 lending,
 Well demand our grateful lays,
 To his radiant throne ascending,
 Wafted on the wings of praise.

In ex
 W
 All o
 To
 AHAS.
 Glor
 Sh
 Title
 To t
 Sh
 DUET.—
 Bless
 An
 New
 Sin
 The
 Ye sons
 Sing
 The
 For
 Let
 Let
 So
 He p
 An
 For
 Let

In exalted raptures joining,
 We'll employ our happy days,
 All our grateful pow'rs combining
 To declare his endless praise.

AHAS. Endless fame thy days adorning,
 Glory, brighter than the morning,
 Shall reward thy faithful care;
 Titles all their lustre lending,
 To thy latest race descending,
 Shall thy prince's love declare.

DUET.—ISRAELITE WOMAN, AND MORDECAI.

Blessings descend on downy wings,
 Angels conduct her on the way:
 New life our royal Esther brings,
 Since our cause she pleads to day.

CHORUS.

The Lord our enemy has slain,
 Ye sons of Jacob sing a cheerful strain,
 Sing songs of praise, bow down the knee,
 The worship of our God is free;
 For ever blessed be thy holy name,
 Let heav'n and earth his praise proclaim.

SOLO.

Let Israel songs of joy repeat,
 Sound all ye tongues, Jehovah's praise;
 He plucks the mighty from his seat,
 And cuts off half his days.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be thy holy name,
 Let heav'n and earth his praise proclaim.

ESTHER.

SOLO.

Mount Lebanon his firs resigns;
 Descend, ye cedars, haste ye pines,
 To build the temple of the Lord,
 For God his people has restor'd.

CHORUS.

For ever blessed be thy holy name,
 Let heav'n and earth his praise proclaim.

IT must be
 Our lord
 Will crush
 Since heav'
 To point us
 Ourselves r
 As Gilead's
 True, we ha
 As of a stra
 His genero
 When his d
 And, perha
 If with repe

Pour f
 To i
 No mo
 The

No mo
 Fierce

JEPHTHA:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.—ZEBUL.

IT must be so; or these vile Ammonites,
Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years,
Will crush the race of Israel.—
Since heav'n vouchsafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader, as before,
Ourselves must choose.—And who so fit a man
As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephtha?—
True, we have slighted, scorn'd, expell'd him hence,
As of a stranger born; but well I know him;
His generous soul disdains a mean revenge,
When his distressful country calls his aid.—
And, perhaps, heav'n may favour our request,
If with repentant hearts we sue for mercy.

AIR.

Pour forth no more unheeded pray'rs
To idols deaf and vain:
No more with vile unhallow'd airs,
The sacred rites profane.

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's god and king,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue.

Chemosh no more

Will we adore,

With timbrell'd anthems, to Jehovah due.

RECITATIVE.—ZEBUL.

But Jephtha comes.—Kind heav'n assist our plea.
O Jephtha, with an eye of pity look
On thy repentant brethren in distress.
Forgetful of thy wrongs, redress thy sire,
Thy friends, thy country, in extreme despair.

JEPHTHA. I will :—so please it heav'n ; and these
the terms :

If I command in war, the like command,
Should heav'n vouchsafe us a victorious peace,
Shall still be mine.—

ZEB. Agreed.—Be witness, heaven.

AIR.—JEPHTHA.

Virtue my soul shall still embrace ;

Goodness shall make me great.

Who builds upon this steady base,

Dreads no event of fate.

RECITATIVE.—STORGE.

'Twill be a painful separation, Jephtha,
To see thee harness'd for the bloody field.
But ah ! how trivial are a wife's concerns,
When a whole nation bleeds, and grovelling lies,
Panting for liberty and life.

AIR.

In gentle murmurs will I mourn,
As mourns the mate-forsaken dove ;
And sighing wish thy dear return
To liberty and lasting love.

Happy t
Which onc
As Cynthia
On the ben
Of thee, m
Again I liv
As in thy f
Our wretch
O haste ; a

Dull d
Bids th
Whi
Oh ! w
Let no
Nor

Ill suits t
And bids th
Act there t
Proclaim th
And Hamo

Take t
Lodg
Thus v
Sure

I go ;—M
Thirsts for

RECITATIVE.—HAMOR.

Happy this embassy, my charming Iphis,
Which once more gives thee to my longing eyes.
As Cynthia breaking from th' involving clouds
On the benighted traveller; the sight
Of thee, my love, drives darkness and despair.
Again I live; in thy sweet smiles I live;
As in thy father's ever-watchful care
Our wretched nation feels new life, new joy.
O haste; and make my happiness complete.

AIR.

Dull delay, in piercing anguish,
Bids thy faithful lover languish;
While he pants for bliss in vain.
Oh! with gentle smiles relieve me;
Let no more false hope deceive me;
Nor vain fears inflict a pain.

RECITATIVE.—IPHIS.

Ill suits the voice of love when glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.
Act there the hero, and let rival deeds
Proclaim thee worthy to be call'd his son:
And Hamor shall not want his due reward.

AIR.

Take the heart you fondly gave;
Lodg'd in your breast with mine;
Thus with double ardour brave;
Sure conquest shall be thine.

RECITATIVE.—HAMOR.

I go;—My soul inspir'd by thy command,
Thirsts for the battle—I'm already crown'd

With the victorious wreath ; and thou, fair prize,
More worth than fame or conquest, thou art mine.

DUET.

These labours past, how happy we !
How glorious will they prove !
When gathering fruit from conquest's tree
We deck the feast of love !

RECITATIVE.—JEPHTHA.

What mean these doubtful fancies of the brain ?
Visions of joy rise in my raptur'd soul,
There play awhile, and set in darksome night.
Strange ardour fires my breast ; my arms seem strung
With tenfold vigour, and my crested helm
To reach the skies.—Be humble still, my soul.—
It is the spirit of God ; in whose great name
I offer up my vow.—

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

If, Lord, sustain'd by thy almighty pow'r,
Ammon I drive, and his insulting bands,
From these our long-uncultivated lands,
And safe return a glorious conqueror ;—
What, or whoe'er shall first salute mine eyes,
Shall be for ever thine, or fall a sacrifice.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis said.

[*Enter Israelites, &c.*]

Attend, ye chiefs, and with one voice,
Invoke the holy name of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

O God, behold our sore distress ;
Omnipotence, to plague, or bless !
But turn thy wrath, and bless once more
Thy servants, who thy name adore.

Some di
Some woe
In misery
Was my fo
With such

Scenes
Rising
Add
While
That a
Joy

Say, my
That force
My place
Sto.
Such gha
IPH. He
The mocki
My father,
Already see
Nor doubt

The sm
Pres
And pl
Disp
While
Mak

RECITATIVE.—STORGE.

Some dire event hangs o'er our heads,
 Some woeful song we have to sing
 In misery extreme.—O, never, never
 Was my foreboding mind distress'd before
 With such incessant pangs.

AIR.

Scenes of horror, scenes of woe,
 Rising from the shades below,
 Add new terror to the night.
 While in the never-ceasing pain,
 That attends the servile chain,
 Joyless flows the hours of light.

RECITATIVE.—IPHIS.

Say, my dear mother, whence these piercing cries,
 That force me, like a frighted bird, to fly
 My place of rest ?

STO. For thee I fear, my child ;
 Such ghastly dreams last night surpris'd my soul.

IPH. Heed not these black illusions of the night,
 The mocking of unquiet slumbers, heed them not.
 My father, touch'd with a diviner fire,
 Already seems to triumph in success,
 Nor doubt I but Jehovah hears our pray'rs.

AIR.

The smiling dawn of happy days
 Presents a prospect clear ;
 And pleasing hope's all-bright'ning rays
 Dispel each gloomy fear ;
 While ev'ry charm that peace displays,
 Makes spring-time all the year.

RECITATIVE.—ZEBUL.

Such, Jephtha, was the haughty king's reply:—
No terms—but ruin, slavery, and death.

JEP. Sound then the last alarm;—and to the field,
Ye sons of Israel with intrepid hearts;
Dependent on the might of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command.
In vain they roll their foaming tide;
Confin'd by the almighty pow'r,
That gave them strength to roar,
They now contract their boistrous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.—HAMOR.

GLAD tidings of great joy to thee, dear Iphis,
And to the house of Israel I bring.
Thus then in brief:—Both armies in array
Of battle rang'd, our general stept forth
And offer'd haughty Ammon terms of peace,
Most just and righteous; these with scorn refus'd.
He bade the trumpet sound: but scarce a sword
Was ting'd in hostile blood, ere all around
The thund'ring heavens open'd, and pour'd forth

Thousand
Our gener
" I follow
Then rush
He made
The flying
And taste

Cherubim
T
G
Of s
T
They ride

Up the
While
Sough
And no
Thee, n
Other

Tis well.
Haste
Adorn me, li
My father in
And while ar

Tune t
Pleasant

Thousands of armed cherubim : When straight
 Our general cry'd : " This is thy signal, Lord,
 " I follow thee, and thy bright heavenly host."
 Then rushing on proud Ammon, all aghast,
 He made a bloody slaughter, and pursued
 The flying foe, till night bade sheath the sword,
 And taste the joys of victory and peace.

CHORUS.

Cherubim and Seraphim, unbodied forms,
 The messengers of fate,
 God's dread command await ;
 Of swifter flight, and subtler frame,
 Than lightning's winged flame,
 They ride on whirlwinds, and direct the storms.

AIR.—HAMOR TO IPHIS.

Up the dreadful steep ascending,
 While for love and fame contending,
 Sought I thee my glorious prize.
 And now happy in the blessing,
 Thee, my sweetest joy, possessing,
 Other honours I despise.

RECITATIVE.—IPHIS.

'Tis well.

Haste, haste, ye maidens, and in richest robes,
 Adorn me, like a stately bride, to meet
 My father in triumphant pomp.—
 And while around the dancing banners play,

AIR.

Tune the soft melodious lute,
 Pleasant harp, and warbling flute,

To sounds of rapt'rous joy,
Such as on our solemn days,
Singing great Jehovah's praise,
The holy choir employ.

RECITATIVE.—ZEBUL.

Again heav'n smiles on his repentant people;
And victory spreads wide her silver wings,
To soothe our sorrows with a peaceful calm.

AIR.

Freedom now once more possessing,
Peace shall spread with ev'ry blessing
Triumphant joy around;
Sion now no more complaining,
Shall in blissful plenty reigning,
Thy glorious praise resound.

RECITATIVE.—JEPHTHA.

Zebul, thy deeds were valiant, nor less thine,
My Hamor; but the glory is the Lord's.

AIR.

His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe;
They fell before him, as when through the sky
He bids the sweeping winds in vengeance fly.

CHORUS.

In glory high, in might serene,
He sees, moves all, unmov'd, unseen.
His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe.

RECITATIVE.

Hail, glorious conqueror! much-lov'd father, hail

Behold th
Come to

We
Dr
We
Sw

S
As

We
To
We
Gu
Th
And

Horror!
Upon my
Thou hast
And leave

Open
And h
Ere I
And d

Why is n

Behold thy daughter, and her virgin train,
Come to salute thee with all dutéous love.

AIR.

Welcome as the cheerful light,
Driving darkest shades of night :
Welcome as the spring, that rains
Sweets and plenty o'er the plains !
Not cheerful day,
Nor spring so gay,
Such mighty blessings brings,
As peace on her triumphant wings.

SEMI-CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Welcome thou whose deeds conspire
To provoke the warbling lyre.
Welcome thou, whom God ordain'd
Guardian angel of our land !
Thou wert born, his glorious name
And great wonders to proclaim.

RECITATIVE.—JEPHTHA.

Horror ! confusion ! harsh this music grates
Upon my tasteless ears—Be gone, my child,
Thou hast undone thy father.—Fly, be gone,
And leave me to the rack of wild despair !

AIR.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb !
And hide me, earth, in thy dark womb :
Ere I the name of father stain,
And deepest woe from conquest gain.

RECITATIVE.—ZEBUL.

Why is my brother thus afflicted ? say,

Why didst thou spurn thy daughter's gratulations,
And fling her from thee with unkind disdain?

JEP. O Zebul, Hamor, and my dearest wife,
Behold a wretched man;—

Thrown from the summit of presumptuous joy,
Down to the lowest depth of misery.—

Know, then,—I vow'd the first I saw shou'd fall
A victim to the living God.—My daughter—
Alas! it was my daughter! and she dies.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—STORGE.

First perish thou; and perish all the world!
Hath heav'n then bless'd us with this only pledge
Of all our love, this one dear child, for thee
To be her murderer?—No, cruel man;

AIR.

Let other creatures die;
Or heav'n, earth, seas, and sky
In one confusion lie,
Ere in a daughter's blood
So fair, so chaste, so good,
A father's hand's embrued.

RECITATIVE.—HAMOR.

If such thy cruel purpose; lo! your friend
Offers himself a willing sacrifice,
To save the innocent and beauteous maid.

AIR.

On me let blind mistaken zeal
Her utmost rage employ;
'Twill be a mercy there to kill,
Where life can taste no joy.

ZEB. C

STO.

HAM.

JEP. R

STO. R

HAM.

ZEB.

JEP. I'

Swift fl

c

Of all you

Heav'n sp

Gilead hat

For joys

Of one poc

A grateful

Pour on my

Hap

W

An

Sink

RECITA

Deeper a

Pierceth a f

The cruel se

Oh! let me

Or howling

JEPHTHA.

99

QUARTETTO.

ZEB. O spare thy daughter.

STO. Spare my child,

HAM. my love.

JEP. Recorded stands my vow in heav'n above.

STO. Recal the impious vow, ere 'tis too late;

HAM. } And think not God delights

ZEB. } In Moloch's horrid rites.

JEP. I'll hear no more; her doom is fix'd as fate.

RECITATIVE.—IPHIS.

Swift flies such news; I've heard the mournful
cause

Of all your sorrows.—Of my father's vow
Heav'n spoke its approbation by success:
Gilead hath triumph'd.—Israel is free!

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

For joys so vast, too little is the price
Of one poor life—but oh! accept it, heav'n,
A grateful victim, and thy blessings still
Pour on my country, friends, and dearest father!

AIR.

Happy they: this vital breath
With content I shall resign;
And not murmur, or repine,
Sinking in the arms of death.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JEPHTHA.

Deeper and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men

It is too shocking.—Yet—have I not vow'd?
 And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps,
 Like Chemosh, and such fabled deities?
 No; ah! heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote them
 down.—

It must be so—'Tis this that racks my brain,
 And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
 That lash me into madness.—Horrid thought!—
 My only daughter!—and so dear a child,
 Doom'd by a father!—Yes—the vow is past,
 And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes.—
 Therefore, to-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

CHORUS.

How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees!
 All hid from mortal sight!
 All our joys to sorrow turning,
 And our triumphs into mourning,
 As the night succeeds the day.
 No certain bliss,
 No solid peace,
 We mortals know,
 On earth below;
 Yet on this maxim still obey;
 Whatever is, is right.

RECI

HIDE
AndA father
In vow'd

Wa

F

Glo

T

RECI

Ye sacre

sta

With huma

To execute

Of heav'n v

Farewe

Ye flo

Farewe

Short h

Br

In

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JEPHTHA.

HIDE thou thy hated beams, O sun, in clouds
And darkness, deep as is a father's woe :

RECITATIVE.

A father, offering up his only child
In vow'd return for victory and peace.

AIR.

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain ;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IPHIS.

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were
stain'd

With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will ?—The call
Of heav'n with humble resignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and mazy woods ;
Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain.

Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Doubtful fear, and reverent awe,
 Strike us, Lord, while here we bow :
 Check'd by thy all-sacred law,
 Yet commanded by the vow.
 In this distress, Lord, hear our pray'r,
 And thy determin'd will declare.

RECITATIVE.—ANGEL.

Rise, Jephtha,—and, ye reverend priests, withhold
 The slaughtrous hand.—No vow can disannul
 The law of God,—Nor such was its intent
 When rightly scann'd;—and yet shall be fulfill'd.—
 Thy daughter, Jephtha, thou must dedicate
 To God, in pure and virgin-state for ever,
 As not an object meet for sacrifice,
 Else had she fall'n an holocaust to God.
 The holy spirit, that dictated thy vow,
 Bade thus explain it, and approves your faith.

AIR.—ANGEL.

Happy, Iphis, shalt thou live ;
 While to thee the virgin choir
 Tune their harps of golden wire,
 And their yearly tribute give.
 Happy, Iphis, all thy days,
 (Pure, angelic, virgin-state,)
 Shalt thou live ; and ages late
 Crown thee with immortal praise.

RECITATIVE.—JEPHTHA.

For ever blessed be thy holy name,
 Lord God of Israel !—

The
 Jus
 And
 Eve

Let me
 My honou
 Thy faith,
 Nations sh
 All join to

Lau
 In g
 Ye
 Lau
 Virt
 Lov

RE

O let me
 And with s
 Thy design

Swe
 O
 Such
 Sa
 Still
 Su
 Tha
 In

CHORUS.

Theme sublime of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways;
And thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

RECITATIVE.—ZEBUL.

Let me congratulate this happy turn,
My honour'd brother, judge of Israel;
Thy faith, thy courage, constancy and truth,
Nations shall sing; and in their just applause,
All join to celebrate thy daughter's name.

AIR.

Laud her, all ye virgin train,
In glad songs of choicest strain:
Ye blest angels all around,
Laud her in melodious sound:
Virtues, that to you belong,
Love and truth demand the song.

RECITATIVE.—STORGE TO IPHIS.

O let me fold thee in a mother's arms,
And with submissive joy, my child, receive
Thy designation to the life of heav'n.

AIR.

Sweet as sight to the blind,
Or freedom to the slave,
Such joy in thee I find,
Safe from the grave.
Still I'm of thee possess'd,
Such is kind heav'n's decree,
That hath thy parents bless'd
In blessing thee.

RECITATIVE.—HAMOR.

With transport, Iphis, I behold thy safety,
But must for ever mourn so dear a loss :
Dear, tho' great Jephtha were to honour me
Still with the name of son.—

AIR.

'Tis heav'n's all-ruling pow'r
That checks the rising sigh ;
Yet let me still adore,
And think an angel by :
While thus each charm and beauteous line
With more than human lustre shine.

RECITATIVE.—IPHIS.

My faithful Hamor, may that Providence
Which gently claims, or forces our submission,
Direct thee to some happier choice.—

AIR.

Freely I to heav'n resign
All that is in Hamor mine.
Joys triumphant crown thy days,
And thy name eternal praise.
Great the bliss assign'd to me,
Greater still attend on thee.

ADDITIONAL QUINTETTO.

IPH. All that is in Hamor mine,

Freely I to heav'n resign.

HAM. All that is in Iphis mine,

Freely I to heav'n resign.

IPH. Duteous to the will supreme,

Still my Hamor I'll esteem.

HAM. Duteous to almighty pow'r,

Still my Iphis I'll adore.

STO. JEP.

And t

Ye ho

In ble

Fre

Peace

While

So l

STO. JEP. ZEB. Joys triumphant crown thy days,
And thy name eternal praise.

CHORUS.

Ye house of Gilead, with one voice,
In blessings manifold rejoice :

Freed from war's destructive sword,
Peace her plenty 'round shall spread,
While in virtue's path ye tread.

So blest are they who fear the Lord.

Hallelujah, Amen.

JOSEPH:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

AIR.

BE firm, my soul, nor faint beneath
Affliction's galling chains,
When crown'd with conscious virtue's wreath,
The shackled captive reigns.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JOSEPH.

But wherefore thus? whence, heaven, these bitter
bonds?

Are these the just rewards of stubborn virtue?
Is this contagious cell the due abode
Of too much innocence? Down, down, proud heart,
Nor blindly question the behest of heav'n?
These chastisements are just; for some wise end
Are all the partial ills allotted man.

RECITATIVE.

Be firm,
Joseph, thy fame has reach'd great Pharaoh's ears,
Who late in dreams disturb'd, and taught by me
The wond'rous pow'r of thy experienced art,

Demands
Their mys
JOSEPH.
Jehovah, v
And from
Will deign

Com
Mal
Dra
And
Thu
Brig
Pha
And

Pardon,
My heart u
Jos. Par
That bears
Which mak
And merits
But instant
My Lord t
PHANOR
No longer i

Ingrati
For a
Her su
The

Demands thy instant presence, to unfold
Their mystic purport.

JOSEPH. Blest vicissitude !
Jehovah, whom I trust, bears witness to me ;
And from the horrors of the pit, once more
Will deign deliverance to his servant's soul.

AIR.—JOSEPH.

Come, divine inspirer, come,
Make my humble breast thy home ;
Draw the curtain from mine eye,
And present place futurity.
Thus whilst I o'er Pharaoh's dream
Bright interpretation beam,
Pharaoh's self shall temples raise,
And Egypt incense to thy praise.

RECITATIVE.—PHANOR.

Pardon, that I so long forgot thee, Joseph ;
My heart upbraids me with ingratitude.

Jos. Pardon thyself. Ingratitude's a vice
That bears its scorpions with it ; the dire mildew
Which makes a desert of the human mind,
And merits more of pity than resentment.
But instant I'll with duteous step attend
My Lord the King, and bow myself before him.

PHANOR. Fell monster, base ingratitude, avaunt !
No longer in this breast I'll give thee harbour.

AIR.

Ingratitude's the queen of crimes,
For all the rest are of her train,
Her sure attendance at all times,
The great supporters of her reign ;

If one you then ungrateful call,
You crown him monarch of them all.

RECITATIVE.—PHARAOH.

Thus, stranger, I have laid my troubled thought,
The midnight visions of my bed, before thee;
Which all the skill of Egypt can't unfold.
Come then, interpret to the king his dreams.

Jos. Almighty Pharaoh, it is not in me;
Interpretation does belong to heav'n;
And may the Lord Jehovah give the king
A gracious answer.

CHORUS.

O, God of Joseph, gracious shed
Thy spirit on thy servant's head;
That to the king he may reveal,
The truths his mystic dreams conceal.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JOSEPH.

Pharaoh, thy dreams are one: the Lord Jehovah
In vision shews what he's about to do.
The seven fat cattle, and full ears of corn,
Denote seven years of plenty; the like seven
Of meagre kine and unreplenish'd grain,
Mark the same years of famine to succeed.
Embrace this warning, and with studious search
Look out a man, of providence and wisdom,
To gather up, in the redundant years,
A store for comfort in the days of dearth.

RECITATIVE.—PHARAOH.

Divine interpreter! What oracle
Could thus have solv'd my doubts? Where can we find
A man like thee in whom God's spirit dwells?
Be this day ruler o'er my house and people,

And by th
But only i
Jos. Th

O lov
V
What
A
Since
To m

Wear, v
Pledge of
Whilst in
And heral
Then, hen
Let Zaphr

Joy
I
Zap
F

Whence
These nev
Majestic,
Has tresp

I feel a sp
Which
With fruit
No toil,

And by thy word let all the land be governed;
But only in the throne will I be greater.

Jos. These are thy workings, infinite Jehovah!

AIR.—ASENATH.

O lovely youth, with wisdom crown'd,

Where ev'ry charm has place;

What breast so firm was ever found,

As could resist such grace?

Since thou hast stol'n my virgin heart,

To me in charge thy own impart.

RECITATIVE.—PHARAOH.

Wear, worthy man, this royal signet wear,
Pledge of thy boundless dignity and power;
Whilst in our second chariot thou shalt ride,
And heralds cry before thee, "bow the knee!"
Then, henceforth, as the father of the country,
Let Zaphnath Paaneah be thy name.

CHORUS.

Joyful sounds, melodious strains,

Health to Egypt is the theme;

Zaphnath rules, and Pharaoh reigns,

Happy nation, bliss supreme.

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

Whence this unwonted ardour in my breast?
These new-born sighs? 'Tis true that he is wise,
Majestic, graceful. Ah! I fear this stranger
Has trespass'd on my unsuspecting bosom.

AIR.

I feel a spreading flame within my veins,

Which all my arts will not avail to quench;

With fruitless toil from place to place I range,

No toil, no place, gives respite to my pains.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

———— Fair Asenath!

I've ask'd thee of thy father, and the king.
To help allay the anxious toils of grandeur,
And smooth the rugged brow of public care.
Yet authoris'd by both, I dread my fate
Till thy own voice has fix'd my destiny.

PHARAOH. Zaphnath, I grant thy suit, behold
thy bride:

Approach, my Asenath, behold thy husband!

Jos. O canst thou, fair Perfection! say,
O canst thou bless me with thy love?

ASENATH. My father's will I must obey,
My monarch's pleasure must approve.

DUET.—ASENATH AND JOSEPH.

Jos. Celestial virgin, charming maid,
Renown'd for innocence and truth;
Propitious heav'n has thus in thee
Completed my felicity.

ASE. Godlike youth—
Renown'd for innocence and truth;
Propitious heav'n has thus in thee
Completed my felicity.

RECITATIVE.—PHARAOH.

Now, Potiphra, instant to the temple,
In joyous pomp, and whilst the rite's perform'd.
Let our loud clarions tell it to the skies.

RECITATIVE.—HIGH PRIEST.

'Tis done, the sacred knot is tied,
Which death alone can e'er divide.

Immo
Who t
Joy
May t
Conte
And

Glorious
Join'd to s

Sinc
Sinc
Ne'
Wit

Swi
Wa
Ase
Joy

CHORUS.

Immortal pleasures crown this pair,
Who thus by heaven high favour'd are,
Joys ever round them wait;
May these below, like those above,
Contend who most and longest love,
And be as bless'd as great.

RECITATIVE.—PHARAOH.

Glorious and happy is thy lot, O Zaphnath,
Join'd to such sweetness, dignity, and virtue.

AIR.

Since the race of time begun,
Since the birth-day of the sun;
Ne'er was so much wisdom found,
With such matchless beauty crown'd.

CHORUS.

Swift our numbers, swiftly roll,
Waft the news from pole to pole,
Asenath with Zaphnath's join'd,
Joy and peace to all mankind.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

HAIL, thou youth, by heav'n below'd,
Now thy wond'rous wisdom's prov'd;
Zaphnath, Egypt's fate foresaw,
And snatch'd her from the famine's jaw.

RECITATIVE.—PHANOR.

How vast a theme has Egypt for applause,
O, Asenath! behold thy mighty lord,
High on his gilded car triumphant ride;
Whilst prostrate multitudes, that do him honours,
Obstruct his passage through the streets of Memphis;
The raptur'd virgins hail him in their lays,
And gazing matrons lift their grateful hands,
Whilst hoary sages rise, and bow the head,
And infants half articulate his name.

ASEN. These honours flow not from the flatt'rer's
lips,
Like those that lavish stream in fortune's lap,
But from sincere benevolence and love,
And bosoms glowing with a grateful transport.

AIR.

Our fruits, whilst yet in blossom die,
Our harvests in the new-sown seed;
Barren the mournful ridges lie,
Undeck'd the once enamell'd mead:
But Zāphnath's providential care
Retaliates for the niggard soil,
Through him, in dearth, we plenty share,
Nor heed th' inexorable Nile.

He's Eg
He's Egy
Whilst Eg

Blest
Vir
Blest
Tre

Phanor,
Mark, 'mi
The gift of
Yet somet
And blend
The appla
Can yield

PHAN. F
Whose Go

ASEN. P
And oft in
Nor finds l
The pledg
Then will
He eyes th
Words bur

Together l
Link'd in
For you, m
Nor Hat

RECITATIVE.—PHANOR.

He's Egypt's common parent, gives her bread;
 He's Egypt's common safety, only hope,
 Whilst Egypt's welfare is his only care.

CHORUS.

Blest be the man by pow'r unstain'd,
 Virtue there itself rewarding;
 Blest be the man by wealth unchain'd,
 Treasure for the public hoarding.

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

Phanor, we mention not his highest glory;
 Mark, 'midst his grandeur what humility!
 The gift of that great God whom he adores;
 Yet something seems of late to bear upon him,
 And blend his wonted shine; not all his splendour,
 The applause of millions, or my studious love,
 Can yield him comfort or assuage his grief.

PHAN. Perchance he wants to view his native land,
 Whose God and laws are the reverse of Egypt's.

ASEN. Phanor, 'tis true, he calls it oft to mind,
 And oft in silence sighs and mourns his absence;
 Nor finds he peace, save when his smiling infants,
 The pledges of our love, are in his arms.
 Then will he grasp them there with ardent look,
 He eyes them, whilst 'midst his struggling sighs,
 Words burst like these:

AIR.—ASENATH.

Together lovely innocents grow up,
 Link'd in eternal chains of brother love;
 For you, mayn't Envy bear her pois'nous cup,
 Nor Hate her unrelenting armour prove.

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

He then is silent, then again exclaims—
 Inhuman brethren! O, unhappy father!
 What anguish too much love for me has cost thee?
 Such are his cares, nor have I yet discover'd
 The fatal cause, but once more I'll attempt it.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SIMEON.

Where are these brethren? why this base delay?
 To let me languish a whole year in dungeons;
 But are not brethren base? O Joseph!
 That thought is hell! Remembrance scorches with it!
 But was it I alone! O, no! then heav'n
 Has been at 'compt perchance with my confederates;
 Whilst the wild beast, false tax'd with Joseph's death,
 Has met them on the way and ta'en his vengeance.

AIR.—SIMEON.

Remorse, Confusion, Horror, Fear!
 Ye vultures of the guilty breast;
 Now, furies, now she feels you here,
 Who gnaw her most when most distress'd.

RECITATIVE.

PHAN. This Hebrew prisoner.

Jos. ————— Hither bring him, Phanor,
 The wide circumference of Egypt's regions,
 The vast extent betwixt the Nile and Ocean,
 Given me to rule, is slavery, not an honour;
 Not rest but travel.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JOSEPH.

————— Ye departed hours!
 What happier have I seen? O Hebron,
 What peace enjoy'd amidst thy smiling valleys!

Might I re
 Thy fleecy
 My good
 Of God's
 Of the de
 The race-
 Jehovah's
 The glorio
 It cannot
 Who'd lan
 That in th

The p
 U
 No co
 H
 But G
 N
 Whils
 W

But Sim
 b
 Fain woul
 I fear, O,
 Has snatch
 Simeon's t
 I'll touch
 Sits on thy
 Dissolve th
 But I will

Might I review thee ! might I careless tend
 Thy fleecy herd : might I once more embrace
 My good old sire ; list to his sacred lessons
 Of God's creation, of man's fatal fall,
 Of the deep waters cov'ring all the earth,
 The race-preserving ark, the heav'n-hung bow,
 Jehovah's divine promise to our fathers,
 The glorious hope of Abraham and his seed ;
 It cannot be. Tyrant-enslaving greatness !
 Who'd languish in thy gilded chains an hour,
 That in the court of quietude could dwell ?

AIR.—JOSEPH.

The peasants taste the sweets of life,
 Unwounded by its cares ;
 No courtly craft, no public strife,
 His humble soul ensnares ;
 But Grandeur's bulky, noisy joys,
 No true Contentment give ;
 Whilst Fancy craves, Possession elays,
 We die thus whilst we live.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

But Simeon comes ; treacherous, blood-thirsty
 brother,
 Fain wouldst thou had my life. Cruel, but hold—
 I fear, O, heav'n ! that some disast'rous death
 Has snatch'd the others from me ; and, perhaps,
 Simeon's the only brother left me now ;
 I'll touch thee not, the image of our father
 Sits on thy brow, nor shall thy perfidy
 Dissolve the sacred ties of love and nature,
 But I will speak such daggers to thy soul.

SIM. A wild beast, my Lord, devour'd him.

Jos. Devour'd by a wild beast? Have a care:
didst thou then see

His bleeding arteries, his mangled limbs?

Now, by the life of Pharaoh, I spy some treachery.

There are men on earth, more cruel, Simeon,

Than the fiercest beast.

SIM. (*Aside.*) Dreadful discourse!

Jos. He trembles!

SIM. Thy suspicion—

Jos. Is just. Know you not yet that I can divine,
And view the dark recesses of the soul.

In vain from me you'd hide the truth, impostor!

AIR.—SIMEON.

Ah! my foul offence,

Wrote in my face,

O dire disgrace,

Admits of no defence;

Though treach'rous hearts from mortal sight,

May veil awhile

Their impious guile,

Heav'n sees, and brings dark deeds to light.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

Whence, Asenath, this grief that hangs upon thee,
And like a morning mist, which hovers o'er
The violet's bed, bedews thy lovely cheeks.

ASEN. Life of my life, and source of all my bliss,
It is but to resemble thee the more;
When Zaphnath sighs, can Asenath be gay?
Can Asenath enjoy when Zaphnath suffers?

AIR.

The silver stream, that all its way
 Transparent to the Ocean flows,
 Mixt with the turbid surges, grows
 As ruffled and impure as they :
 Thus glided I through life serene ;
 But now dire griefs thy breast inflame,
 My mingling bosom shares the same,
 And I like thee am wretched seen.

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

Tell me, O tell me thy heart's malady,
 That I may steal it from thee if I can.

Jos. A slight disorder, public cares—

PHAN. My Lord,

The long-expected strangers are arrived,
 And with them comes a youth of matchless beauty.

Jos. (*Aside.*) My Benjamin! thank heav'n!
 Straight make them enter.

My love, retire awhile, soon thou shalt know
 The business of my heart; permit me only some few
 moments more.

ASEN. Your will, my Lord, is mine.

PHAN. Fear not.

Peace be unto you! 'Twas your God that gave
 You treasure in your sacks; for me, I had
 Your money, and declare you guiltless.
 Think not that Zaphnath bears so base a soul,
 As to condemn you wrongfully, nor one
 So cruel to refuse you farther succour.

JUDAH. Thy gracious words revive my drooping
 spirits,

And flattering hope of being guiltless; that thought
Glow in my breast, and kindles life anew.

AIR.—JUDAH.

To keep afar from all offence,
And conscious of its innocence,
Is not enough for the defence
Of an unblemish'd heart;
A slight suspicion oftentimes,
Of uncommitted, unthought crimes,
Its purity with slander times,
And gives it the delinquent's part.

CHORUS.

Thus one with ev'ry virtue crown'd,
For ev'ry vice may be renown'd.

RECITATIVE.—REUBEN.

Once more, O pious Zaphnath, at thy feet
We pay due homage and implore thy succour.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Our reverend sire, intreats thee to accept
An humble off'ring of our country's fruits,
Not such as with thy grandeur suits,
But what our present wretched land has left.
O Zaphnath, our fields lie desolate, and cover'd o'er
With naught but horror, barrenness, and mire,
Menacing the distress'd inhabitant
With death irreparable, which already
Sits on their pining cheeks. O pity, pity!
Our good old father sues to thee for pity;
For pity we conjure thee; and for pity
Our youngest brother lowly bows to kiss
Thy bounteous hand.

RECITATIVE.—BENJAMIN.

This kiss, my gracious Lord, comes wash'd with
tears;

O save my country—save my dear father,
And may Abraham's God for ever save my lord.

Jos. (*Aside.*) How his discourse melts down my

(*To BENJ.*) Rise! Is your father well? [soul!

(*Aside.*) I had almost said mine.

(*To the Brethren.*) The good old man of whom
ye spake—say,

Is he living still?

JUD. My Lord, thy servant lives,
And lives in health.

Jos. And this his youngest son?

BENJ. It is, my Lord; my name is Benjamin.

Jos. Let me embrace thee, and may, my son,
that God

Whom you invoke, watch o'er and ever shed
His blessings on thee.

AIR.—BENJAMIN.

Thou deign'st to call thy servant son,

And, O, methinks, my Lord, I see

With an amazing semblance shewn,

My father's image stamp'd on thee;

Thee, therefore, I would father call;

But the similitude of face

Is not enough, the soul is all,

O may his soul thy bosom grace.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

(Sweet innocence! divine simplicity!

Tears, by y

Instant, the

BENJ. L

m

Oppress ou

May fatal p

Jos. I ca

Jointly den

REUB. I

his l

JUD. I d

REUB.

Profound a

Are all the

And never

JUD. Ma

O God

Dos

O take

Ben

Thou l

O le

Thy te

O L

Tears, by your leave) Attend, prepare our table
Instant, these men shall eat with me to-day.

BENJ. Let not thy mercy linger: Grief and Fa-
mine

Oppress our aged father; aught delay
May fatal prove; we left him desolate.

Jos. I can refrain no longer; Joy and Anguish
Jointly demand my tears.

REUB. Didst thou observe him, Judah? Mark
his looks.

JUD. I did: canst thou interpret them?

REUB. I cannot,

Profound and inaccessible, O Judah!

Are all the inward movements of the great,
And never by the countenance are known.

JUD. May great Jehovah turn his heart to pity.

CHORUS.

O God, who in thy heavenly hand

Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,

O take thy Israel, and his land,

Beneath the shadow of thy wings:

Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,

O let us not confounded be;

Thy tender mercies let us share;

O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

WHAT say'st thou, Phanor? prove these strangers then
Such base ingrates? Bore off the silver cup
That's sacred to my Lord's peculiar use?
They have, but shall not long enjoy their rapine.

AIR.—PHANOR.

Tho' on rapid whirlwind's wing,
This vile band of robbers flies;
Yet the rapid whirlwind's wing
Shall not waft them thro' the skies;
Where secure
From our pow'r
They may triumph in the prize.

RECITATIVE.

Already they're retaken; and in bonds
Await their doom.

ASEN. Ungrateful, impious men!

AIR.—PHANOR.

The wanton favours of the great,
Are like the scatter'd seed when sown,
Grateful harvest they create,
Whene'er on generous acres thrown;
But if (as O! too oft) they fall
Where weeds and briers the soil prophane,
Or lost, they bare no fruit at all,
Or bearing yield a worthless grain.

Whence
Of others l
Jos. M
ASEN. V
O
This diffid
Wherefore
That Asen
Why from
That bane

Ah, Jo
That prey
Tho' born
Still cruel

O wrong
Harbour'd
My dear o
But discon

ASEN. V
Jos.

No succou
I only shed
ASEN. B

st
The wealth
Jos.

Dispenser,
Nor should

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

Whence so disturb'd, my Lord, let not the crime
Of others be inflicted on thyself.

Jos. My sorrows have a deeper deadlier root.

ASEN. Why dost thou hide them then from me,
O Zaphnath?

This diffidence does wrong to faithful love.
Wherefore that look, those sighs? Much, much I fear,
That Asenath's the source of this disquiet;
Why from her else conceal'd? Dire jealousy,
That baneful viper, rangles in thy breast.

AIR.—ASENATH.

Ah, Jealousy! thou pelican,
That prey'st upon thy parent's bleeding heart;
Tho' born of love, love's greatest bane,
Still cruel wounding her with her own dart.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

O wrong me not; thy Zaphnath never
Harbour'd a thought that way. O Asenath!
My dear old father lives, still lives,
But disconsolate and wretched.

ASEN. Whence springs his misery?

Jos. From this cruel famine,
No succour left; whilst for his dire affliction,
I only shed unprofitable tears.

ASEN. But why, my lord, hast thou not Egypt's
store,

The wealth of nations?

Jos. Pharaoh made me not
Dispenser, only keeper of his treasure;
Nor should corruption cleave unto these hands,

Or would I touch what's sacred to the public,
To save myself and race from instant ruin.

ASEN. Then call them into Egypt. Whence, my
Lord,

This criminal delay ?

Jos. I fear the king,
Fear Egypt too.

ASEN. Such fears are but ungen'rous;
You've all the hearts of Pharaoh and his people.

AIR.—JOSEPH.

The people's favour and the smiles of pow'r,
Are no more than the sunshine of an hour ;

There Envy with her snakes assails,
Here cank'ring Slander still prevails,

Till Love begins to wain ;
Oblivion then envelopes all
Our merit past, and straight our fall
Is stiled the public gain.

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

Art thou not Zaphnath ? Is not Egypt sav'd ?
All thy own work, and won't her sons with trans-
port

Give a new life to him who gave thee life.
I'll to the king, and supplicate, with laud
For bounties past, this farther boon.

AIR.—ASENATH.

Prophetic raptures swell my breast,
And whisper we shall still be blest ;
That this black gloom shall break away,
And leave more heav'nly-bright the day.

They co
My bosom
SIM. Wh
ch
For what tr
Like thieve
PHAN.
You've stol
For my Lor
Ill for good
SIM.
Be found wi
Jos. Strai
quen
Alone receiv
PHAN. A
Jos.
PHAN. H
sents.
Benjamin ha
Jos.
BENJ.
PHAN. Be
BENJ. Am
Jos. Seize
BEN. O he
Jos. No-n
Go get you u
RECITAT
What, with

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

They come, and indignation in their looks;
My bosom beats with an unusual pulse.

SIM. Whence this vile treatment, these injurious
chains?

For what transgression are we shackled thus,
Like thieves and traitors?

PHAN. That's like what you are,
You've stolen the sacred cup, that's set apart
For my Lord's use. Why have ye thus rewarded
Ill for good?

SIM. Imposture! fury! if the sacred vessel
Be found with us, rain vengeance on our heads.

Jos. Straight we shall see, and then let the delin-
quent

Alone receive the wages of his guilt.

PHAN. At length the cup is found.

Jos. Where?

PHAN. Hid, my Lord, amidst thy gen'rous pre-
sents.

Benjamin had it.

Jos. Benjamin?

BENJ. I had it?

PHAN. Behold his sack, and in it view the theft.

BENJ. Am I a robber? shield me righteous heav'n!

Jos. Seize him.

BEN. O heav'n thou know'st my innocence.

Jos. No more,

Leave him alone to suffer; as for you,
Go get you up in peace unto your father.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—BENJAMIN.

What, without me! Ah! how return in peace?

What can you say? what comfort can you yield
To the distracted parent? O unhappy
Benjamin, thou at thy birth gav'st death
Unto thy mother; and now dying,
Thou likewise tak'st thy tender father's life.

DUET.—BENJAMIN.

O pity! Not to myself—my sinking father,
O pity him; remember at the first embrace—
Jos. (*Aside.*) Ah, I must not hear,

Be blind my eyes,

Trait'rous tear,

Be still ye sighs.

BEN. You call'd me son. O view this face,
I still as much deserve the name,
Thy heart alone is not the same.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH.

To prison with him.

SIM. O illustrious Zaphnath, give room to pity,
Thou who rulest kingdoms, rule to thy great glory
Thy own spirit, or to his father render back
This youth, or death to us.

JOS. On whom the cup was found, him I retain.

SIM. What, gone! not hear us!

REU.

Yet methought

I saw some marks of pity on his face.

SIM. What pity?

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SIMEON.

The man who flies the wretched, nor will hear
them,

For fear of yielding to their piercing cries,
Has only pity for himself.

REU.

Remember

sep

Were not we

nov

We are not

What cou

If we return

If here we s

Either way

RECIT

O graciou

But thou ar

To have me

Eternal

Our cru

O with

Our me

Thou t

Creator

Return

And gr

But, peac

Jos. Hov

What foolis

JUD.

Have nigh

To offer on

Let not thi

REU.

Peace, Simeon!

Remember Dothan's fields, the horrid pit, and Joseph's cries!

Were not we deaf to them? then we'd not hear, and now

We are not heard.

RECITATIVE.—REUBEN.

What counsel can we take?

If we return, our father dies with grief;

If here we stay, with famine. Death is

Either way his lot! and black despair is ours.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SIMEON.

O gracious God! we merit well this scourge;

But thou art he whose property is ever

To have mercy.

CHORUS.

Eternal monarch of the sky,

Our cruel crime thou didst descry,

O with the same all-piercing eye,

Our melting penitence observe.

Thou the beginning and the end,

Creator! Father! Guardian! Friend!

Returning prodigals attend,

And grant us aid we don't deserve.

RECITATIVE.—SIMEON.

But, peace!—Zaphnath returns.

Jos. How, not departed? Ye insolent, away!

What foolish hope?

JUD.

Though fear, my Lord, and anguish

Have nigh lock'd up our lips, yet would I crave

To offer one word more: and, O my Lord!

Let not thine anger burn against thy servant:

When drove by dire necessity to wrest
 From the reluctant bosom of our father,
 Ah! with what force! but such was thy command,
 His youngest, dearest son, his heart's first joy;
 He weeping thus bespake us:—Well you know
 This child's the prop and succour of my age;
 The only relict of my Rachel's bed:
 Joseph, alas! my much-lamented Joseph,
 In a sad hour went out, and fell a prey,
 (As oft you told me) to the tyger's rage;
 If then you tear this also from my arms,
 And mischief shall befall him, my grey hairs
 Ye will bring down with sorrow to the grave.
 Jos. My soul itself now weeps!

AIR.—SIMEON.

Thou hadst, my Lord,
 A father once; perhaps hast now; O feel,
 Feel then for us, as thou did'st love thy own,
 O pity ours; feel then our anguish, feel!

RECITATIVE.—SIMEON.

Give, give him up the lad in whom his life is
 bound,

O let me suffer whatever punishment
 Is doom'd for him; he is too young for slavery,
 Or stripes: labour and years have render'd me
 More hardy; lay all on me, imprisonment,
 Chains, scourges, all, all I can endure;
 But to my father, to be the messenger
 Of death, I cannot.

RECITATIVE.—JOSEPH *aside to PHANOR*.

I can no longer, Phanor, bring the youth.
 Far off, ye guards and servants, from my presence,

Let ev'ry
 Doth my
 Your long

RECIT.—

Joseph!
 Jos. Ar
 Come hith
 b

Brethren,
 Forgive (
 Pardon my
 You now t
 As erst to
 SIM. O J
 of

Whilst t
 d
 For a coun
 Now, my c
 Jos. And
 And no me
 ASE. Tr
 lo
 Jos. Mi

What'
 Or bre
 What'
 Or Ma

Let ev'ry one go forth—Know, I am Joseph—
Doth my dear father live?—I am your brother,
Your long-lost brother—I am Joseph!

RECIT.—BENJAMIN, SIMEON, JUDAH, REUBEN.

Joseph! O heaven! Joseph! wretched we!

Jos. Arise, and banish fear. My Benjamin,
Come hither, and let me press thee to my yearning
bosom.

Brethren, receive, and give a kind embrace.
Forgive (*To Benj.*) this harmless stratagem; and ye
Pardon my groundless jealousy, I fear'd
You now to Benjamin might be perfidious,
As erst to me; but I have proved your faith.

SIM. O Joseph! Just, yet mysterious, are the ways
of heav'n.

RECITATIVE.—ASENATH.

Whilst the Nile and Memphis, to him and his are
destin'd

For a country, (thus Phanor has ordain'd,)
Now, my dear Lord, cast sorrow from thy breast.

Jos. And thou, my fair, disclaim thy doubts,
And no more breathe suspicion.

ASE. Trust me, O Zaphnath, 'twas the breath of
love.

Jos. Mine too, O Asenath, was still the same.

AIR AND DUET.—ASENATH.

What's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
Or breezes from the new-mown close;
What's sweeter than an April morn,
Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn;

What, than Arabia's spicy grove ;
O sweeter far the breath of love.

Jos. Hence, gen'rous lovers scorn alarm,
Away suspicion cast ;
Beauty and wit, begin the charm,
But kindness makes it last.

Jos. With songs of ardent gratitude and praise,
Let us approach the high Eternal's throne,
The fountain of all joy, all peace, all honour.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah ! We will rejoice in thy salvation, and
triumph in the name of the Lord our God.

Hallelujah !

NOW
kn
task-mast
made the

And the
of the bon
They o
them serv

Then se
he had ch
These sl
in the lan
He turn

They lo

Their la
king's cha

ISRAEL IN EGYPT:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

NOW there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph: And he set over Israel task-masters to afflict them with burdens; and they made them serve with rigour.

CHORUS.

And the children of Israel sigh'd by the reason of the bondage, and their cry came up unto God.

They oppressed them with burdens, and made them serve with rigour.

RECITATIVE.

Then sent he Moses his servant, and Aaron, whom he had chosen.

These shewed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham.

He turned their waters into blood.

CHORUS.

They loathed to drink of the river.

AIR.

Their land brought forth frogs, yea even in their king's chambers.

He gave their cattle over to the pestilence,
botches and blains broke forth on man and beast.

CHORUS.

He spake the word, and there came all manner of
flies, and lice, in all their quarters.

He spake, and the locusts came without number,
and devour'd the fruit of their ground.

CHORUS.

He gave them hail-stones for rain; fire, mingled
with hail, ran along upon the ground.

CHORUS.

He sent a thick darkness over all the land, even
darkness which might be felt.

CHORUS.

He smote all the first-born of Egypt, the chief of
all their strength.

CHORUS.

But as for his people, he led them forth like
sheep. He brought them out with silver and gold,
there was not one feeble person among their tribes.

CHORUS.

Egypt was glad when they departed, for the fear
of them fell upon them.

CHORUS.

He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up.

CHORUS.

He led them through the deep as through a wil-
derness.

CHORUS.

But the waters overwhelmed their enemies, there
was not one of them left.

And Is
upon the
Lord.

And be

MOS
un

I will s
gloriously
into the s

The L
come my

He is r
tion, my

And I

The L
raoh's ch

CHORUS.

And Israel saw that great work, that the Lord did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared the Lord.

CHORUS.

And believed the Lord and his servant Moses.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

MOSES and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord, and spake saying ;

CHORUS.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously ; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

DUETTO.

The Lord is my strength and my song, he is become my salvation.

CHORUS.

He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation, my father's God.

CHORUS.

And I will exalt him.

DUETTO.

The Lord is a man of war, Lord is his name, Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the

sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.

CHORUS.

The depths have cover'd them, they sank into the bottom as a stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power; thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

CHORUS.

And in the greatness of thine excellency, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

CHORUS.

Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble.

CHORUS.

And with the blast of thy nostrils, the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap; the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

AIR.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, my lust shall be satisfied upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

AIR.

Thou didst blow with the wind; the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the Gods; who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in

praises, do
hand.

The earth

Thou in
thou hast
strength un

The peo
take hold
shall melt
shall be as
O Lord, w

Thou sh
mountain
which tho
sanctuary,
lished.

The Lor

For the
and with
brought ag
the childr
of the sea.

The Lo

praises, doing wonders, then stretchest out thy right hand.

CHORUS.

The earth swallow'd them.

DUETTO.

Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy people which thou hast redeemed. Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.

CHORUS.

The people shall hear, and be afraid, sorrow shall take hold on them, all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away; by the greatness of thy arm, they shall be as still as a stone, till thy people pass over, O Lord, which thou hast purchased.

AIR.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.

For the host of Pharaoh went in with his chariots, and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

RECITATIVE.

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam answered them.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

The horse and his rider has he thrown into the sea.

YE sons
Let gr
In Gilgal, a
One first, o

Behold,
To all the j
Oh! had y
They too, l
But rebels
They, in th

CALEB.
When Mos
What bound
Who did, i
Courage, a
Justice and

JOSHUA:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

YE sons of Israel, ev'ry tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heav'n ascend:
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one great, one Lord Jehovah's name.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

Behold, my friends, what vast rewards are giv'n
To all the just, who place their faith in heav'n!
Oh! had your sires obey'd divine command,
They too, like you, had reach'd the promis'd land;
But rebels to the laws th' almighty gave,
They, in the desert, met an early grave.

CALEB. O Joshua, both to rule, and bless ordain'd;
When Moses the eternal mansions gain'd,
What boundless gratitude to heav'n we owe,
Who did, in thee, a chief so wise bestow?
Courage, and conduct shine in thee complete,
Justice and mercy fill thy judgment-seat.

AIR.—CALEB.

O first in wisdom, first in pow'r,
 Jehovah ev'ry blessing show'r
 Around thy sacred head!
 The neighb'ring realms with envy see
 The happiness and liberty,
 O'er all thy people spread.

RECITATIVE.—ACHSAH.

Matrons, and virgins, with unweary'd pray'r,
 Solicit heav'n for thee, their fav'rite care.
 The first lawgiver broke th' Egyptian chain;
 And, by thy hallow'd aid, we Canaan gain.

AIR.

Oh! who can tell, Oh! who can hear
 Of Egypt, and not shed a tear?
 Or, who will not on Jordan smile,
 Releas'd from bondage on the Nile?

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

Caleb, attend to all I now prescribe;
 One righteous man select from ev'ry tribe,
 To bear twelve stones from the divided flood,
 Where the priests feet, and holy cov'nant stood;
 In Gilgal place them: hence twelve more provide,
 And fix them in the bosom of the tide:
 These when our sons shall view with curious eye,
 Thus the historic columns shall reply:

CHORUS.

To long posterity we here record
 The wond'rous passage, and the land restor'd:
 In wat'ry heaps affrighted Jordan stood,
 And backward to the fountain roll'd his flood.

So long
 Of all

While
 Its

Or whi
 Or

So long
 Of all t

But, who
 A form divi
 With dignit
 He moves in
 His auburn
 A sword his
 His warlike
 Bespeak a h

Awful
 If from
 Deign
 If a fr

Joshua, I
 The captain
 Loose from t
 The place, w
 Jos. Low
 And thy behe

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

So long the memory shall last,
Of all thy tender mercies past.

AIR.—JOSHUA.

While Kedron's brook to Jordan's stream
Its silver tribute pays;
Or while the glorious sun shall beam
On Canaan's golden rays;
So long the memory shall last
Of all thy tender mercies past.

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

But, who is he?—Tremendous to behold!
A form divine in panoply of gold!
With dignity of mien, and stately grace,
He moves in solemn, slow, majestic pace;
His auburn locks his comely shoulders spread,
A sword his hand, a helmet fits his head;
His warlike visage, and his sparkling eye
Bespeak a hero, or an angel nigh.

AIR.

Awful, pleasing being, say,
If from heav'n thou wing'st thy way?
Deign to let thy servant know,
If a friend, or pow'rful foe?

RECITATIVE.—ANGEL.

Joshua, I come commission'd from on high,
The captain of the host of God am I;
Loose from thy feet thy shoes, for all around,
The place, whereon thou stand'st, is holy ground.
Jos. Low on the earth, Oh! prostrate let me bend,
And thy behests with reverence attend.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—ANGEL.

Leader of Israel, 'tis the Lord's decree,
That Jericho must fall, and fall by thee;
The tyrant king, and all his heathen train,
At their own idol-altars shall be slain;
Th' embattl'd walls, and tow'rs, that reach the sky,
Shall perish, and in dusty ruin lie;
Scatter'd in air, their ashes shall be tost,
The place, the name, and all remembrance lost.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

To give command, prerogative is thine;
And humbly to obey, the duty's mine.

AIR.

Haste, Israel, haste, your glitt'ring arms prepare,
With valour abounding,
The city surrounding,
Deal death, and dreadful war.

CHORUS.

The Lord commands, and Joshua leads,
Jericho falls, the tyrant bleeds.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—OTHNIEL.

In these blest scenes, where constant pleasure reigns,
And herds, and bleating flocks, adorn the plains:
Where the soft season all its blessings sheds,
Refreshing rivers, and enamell'd meads;
Here, in the covert of some friendly shade,
Direct me, love, to Achsah, blooming maid.

ACHS. O Othniel, Othniel!

OTHN.

'Tis my name I hear!

Othniel, in melting accents strikes my ear.

O Oth
May

Tis Achsah,
Could be
ACHS. I

OTHN.
How sweet
ACHS. T

Hark

And v
From
And f

O Achsah,
T'inspire
Thy prese
To the gre
White to
With deep
The fruits
And here v

Our li
A
No m
P

AIR.—ACHSAH.

O Othniel, Othniel! valiant youth,
May heav'n reward thy love and truth!

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

'Tis Achsah's voice; who, but that heav'nly fair,
Could breathe so tender, and so sweet a pray'r?

ACHS. But, see? he comes—he heard, and knows
his pow'r.

OTHN. Hail! lovely virgin of this blissful bow'r;
How sweet the music of thy tuneful tongue!

ACHS. These praises to the feather'd choir belong.

AIR.

Hark! 'tis the linnet, and the thrush;
In dulcet notes

They pour their throats,
And wake the morn on ev'ry bush:
From morn to eve they chaunt their love,
And fill with melody the grove.

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

O Achsah, form'd for ev'ry chaste delight,
T'inspire the virtuous thought, and charm the sight;
Thy presence gilds this variegated scene,
To the green olive adds a brighter green;
White to the lily, blushes to the rose,
With deeper red the rich pomegranate glows;
The fruits their flavour, flow'rs their odours prove,
And here we taste true liberty and love.

DUET.

Our limpid streams with freedom flow,
And feel no icy chains;
No moulded hail, no fleecy snow,
Pollute our fruitful plains:

The years one vernal circle move,
 And still the same { like Othniel's love.
 { like Achsah's love.

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

The trumpet calls; now Jericho shall know
 What 'tis to have a lover for her foe.
 The city conquer'd, I shall hope to find
 Thy father Caleb, like his Achsah, kind.

CHORUS.

May all the host of heav'n attend him round,
 And angels waft him back with conquest crown'd!

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

TIS well; six times the Lord hath been obey'd;
 Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid.
 Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
 Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the horns.

CHORUS.—JOSHUA.

Glory to God! the strong-cemented walls,
 The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls:
 The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
 Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the
 ground.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

The walls are levell'd, pour the chosen bands,
 With hostile gore imbrue your thirsty hands:
 Set palaces and temples in a blaze,
 Sap the foundations, and the bulwark's raze:

But, oh! ren
 To spare the

See, t
 Hear,
 The f
 Prouc

To V
 Ho
 The f
 Is cor

Let all the s
 To celebrat
 Ages unbor
 Shall bleed

Almigh
 Accept
 Thy me
 When t
 But, oh
 At the
 He ma
 While
 He thr
 He slak
 His glo
 When

But, oh! remember, in the bloody strife,
To spare the hospitable Rahab's life.

AIR.—CALEB.

See, the raging flames arise!
Hear, the dismal groans, and cries!
The fatal day of wrath is come,
Proud Jericho hath met her doom.

AIR.—ACHSAH.

To Vanity, and earthly Pride,
How short a date is giv'n!
The firmest rock, that shall abide,
Is confidence in heav'n.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

Let all the seed of Abrah'm now prepare
To celebrate this feast, with pious care.
Ages unborn, by this example led,
Shall bleed the lamb, and bake unleaven'd bread.

CHORUS.—JOSHUA.

Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Accept our vows, and sacrifice;
Thy mercy did with Israël dwell,
When the first-born of Egypt fell.
But, oh! what wonders did the Lord
At the Red Sea to us afford!
He made our passage on dry ground,
While Pharaoh and his host were drown'd.
He thro' the dreary desert led,
He slak'd our thirst, with manna fed:
His glory did on Sinai shine,
When we receiv'd the law divine.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

Joshua, the men dispatch'd by thee to learn
 The strength of Ai, and country to discern;
 Elate with pride, deluded by success,
 Despis'd their pow'r, and made the people less.
 Easy of faith, we trust what they relate,
 And now the hasty error find too late;
 Our troops with shame repuls'd!—Oh, fatal day!
 Hark! Israel mourns; triumphs the King of Ai.

CHORUS OF THE DEFEATED ISRAELITES.

How soon our tow'ring hopes are cross'd!
 The-foe prevails, our glory's lost!
 Again shall Israel bondage know,
 Oh! sheath the sword, unbend the bow.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

Whence this dejection? Rouse your coward hearts;
 Let courage edge your swords, and point your
 darts.

Remember Jericho! and sure success
 Shall crown your arms; the Lord our cause will bless.

AIR.—JOSHUA.

With redoubled rage return,
 Ev'ry breast with fury burn;
 And the heathen soon shall feel
 The force of your avenging steel.

CHORUS.

We with redoubled rage return,
 All our breasts with fury burn:
 The heathen nations soon shall feel
 The force of our avenging steel.

Now give t
 Smooth his
 The interv
 I'll consecr

Heroes
 All t
 And b
 Laur
 War to
 Love t

Indulgent h
 And made
 When he is
 When he r

As che
 That si
 And
 Thy pr
 Darts J
 And

Sure I'm de
 Let not this
 Now all the
 That Othni
 OTH. Oh
 This spotles

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

Now give the army breath; let war, awhile;
Smooth his rough front, and wear a cheerful smile:
The interval, if Achsah but approve,
I'll consecrate to virtue and to love.

AIR.—OTHNIEL.

Heroes, when with glory burning,
All their toil with pleasure bear;
And believe, to love returning,
Laurel wreaths beneath their care:
War to hardy deeds invites,
Love the danger well requites.

RECITATIVE.—ACHSAH.

Indulgent heav'n hath heard my virgin pray'r,
And made my Othniel its peculiar care:
When he is absent, sighs my hours employ,
When he returns, transporting is the joy.

AIR.—ACHSAH.

As cheers the sun the tender flow'r,
That sinks beneath a falling show'r,
And rears its drooping head;
Thy presence doth my pow'rs controul,
Darts Joy, like lightning, through my soul,
And all my cares are fled.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

Sure I'm deceiv'd!—with sorrow I behold—
Let not this folly in the camp be told;
Now all the youth of Israel are in arms,
That Othniel, lost in dalliance, shuns th' alarms.

OTH. Oh! why will Caleb my fix'd passion blame?
This spotless object justifies my flame.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

No more, it wounds thy fame — Daughter, retire—

Oh! let thy bosom glow with warlike fire.
 Thou know'st what craft the men of Gibeon us'd
 T' obtain their league, which else had been refus'd:
 Soon did that treaty thro' the heathen ring;
 Adoni-zedeck of Jerus'lem king,
 With the confed'rate pow'rs of most renown,
 Have sworn to ruin the revolted town.
 Firm to our faith, it never shall be said,
 That our allies, in vain, implor'd our aid.

OTHN. Perish the thought! while honour hath a
 name,
 Israel's, or Gibeon's cause is still the same.

AIR.—OTHNIEL.

Nations, who, in future story,
 Wou'd recorded be with glory;
 Let them thro' the world proclaim,
 Friendship is the road to fame.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

Brethren, and friends, what joy this day imparts,
 To meet such brave, such firm united hearts?
 What tho' the tyrants, an unnumber'd host,
 Their strength in horse, and iron chariots boast:
 Now shines the sun, that fixeth Canaan's doom;
 Trust in the Lord, and you shall overcome.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

Thus far our cause is favour'd by the Lord,
 Advance, pursue; Jehovah is the word!

RECITATIVE.

Oh! thou
 Stop thy
 And, oh!
 Stand still

Behold!
 And in mi
 Before our
 Breathless

H
 Our ch
 Thy de
 And gr
 Great g

Happ
 Who
 To yo
 As br

Caleb, for h
 And bid the

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JOSHUA.

Oh! thou bright orb, great ruler of the day!
 Stop thy swift course, and over Gibeon stay.
 And, oh! thou milder lamp of light, the moon,
 Stand still, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

CHORUS.

Behold! the list'ning sun the voice obeys,
 And in mid heav'n his rapid motion stays.
 Before our arms the scatter'd nations fly,
 Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.

PART THE THIRD.

CHORUS.

HAILE! mighty Joshua, hail! thy name
 Shall rise into immortal fame.
 Our children's children shall rehearse
 Thy deeds in never-dying verse;
 And grateful marbles raise to thee,
 Great guardian of our liberty!

AIR.—ACHSAH.

Happy, Oh, thrice happy we,
 Who enjoy sweet liberty!
 To your sons this gem secure,
 As bright, as ample, and as pure.

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

Caleb, for holy Eleazer send,
 And bid the chiefs of Israel all attend,

To execute th' Almighty's great command,
And lot among the tribes the conquer'd land.

CAL. With thee, great leader, when Jephunneh's
son

Was sent to view the nations thou hast won;
Hebron obtain'd, we all its produce sought,
Thick-cluster'd grapes, figs, and pomegranates
brought;

The men, their prowess carefully survey'd,
And deem'd the conquest easy to be made.
Here wou'd I stop—but, oh! unhappy fate!
The tim'rous spies a diff'rent tale relate,
Increas'd the danger, multiply'd the foe,
And fill'd some dastard souls with panic woe.

JOSH. Firm as a rock, when billows lash its side,
Thou didst persist, and all their threats defy'd.
The men appeas'd; said Moses, man of God,
Caleb, the land whereon thy feet have trod,
Mark what I say! for 'tis the will of heav'n,
Shall be to thee, and to thy children giv'n.
Behold! the promise of the man divine
I ratify, and Hebron now is thine.

CAL. My cup is full; how blest in this decree!
How can my thanks suffice the Lord, and thee!

AIR.—CALEB.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain,
The remnant of my days remain?
And is it giv'n to me, to have
A place with Abrah'm in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing
Eternal praise to heav'n's high king.

CHORUS OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH.

For all these mercies we will sing
Eternal praise to heav'n's high king.

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

O Caleb, fear'd by foes, by friends ador'd,
Well have we paid this tribute to thy sword;
But still, to make thine heritage complete,
Debir remains, Debir the giant's seat.

CAL. Worn out in war, I find my strength decline,
Counsel alone, the gift of age, is mine.

Is there a warrior willing to pursue
The conquest, and that stubborn town subdue?
For him, for his, I amply will provide,
And to crown all, Achsah shall be his bride.

OTHN. Glorious reward! the task be mine alone;
Transporting thought! Caleb, the town's thy own.

AIR.—OTHNIEL.

Place danger around me,

The storm I'll despise;

What arm shall confound me,

When Achsah's the prize?

CHORUS.

Father of Mercy, hear the pray'r we make,
And save the hero for his country's sake!

RECITATIVE.—JOSHUA.

In bloom of youth, this stripling hath atchiev'd
What scarce, in future times, shall be believ'd.
Mankind no sooner did pronounce his name,
But he stood foremost in the rolls of fame:
Tyrants he humbled, with the world's applause,
And sav'd his country's liberty, and laws.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

See, the conqu'ring hero comes!
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

See the godlike youth advance!
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance:
 Myrtle wreaths, and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

FULL CHORUS.

See the conqu'ring, &c.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

Welcome! my son, my Othniel, good, and great!
 The ornament and champion of the state.
 Take thy reward, the noblest heav'n can raise,
 And lasting love adorn your happy days!

OTHN. What tongue can utter, or what heart
 conceive

The joy with which this blessing I receive?

ACHS. Blest be the pow'r, that kept thee safe
 from harms!

Blest be the pow'r, that gave thee to my arms.

AIR.

Oh! had I Jubal's sacred lyre,
 Or Miriam's tuneful voice!
 To sounds like his I wou'd aspire,
 In songs like her's rejoice:
 My humble strains but faintly show,
 How much to heav'n and thee I owe.

While life
 In equal gr

OTHN.
 Of ev'
 As fir
 For tr
 ACHS. C
 And l
 As fir
 For tr

While law
 Mock soler
 Israel can
 A friend to
 Thus
 In son

The g
 Sublin

RECITATIVE.—OTHNIEL.

While life shall last, each moment we'll improve
In equal gratitude, and mutual love.

DUET.

OTHN. O peerless maid, with beauty blest,
Of ev'ry pleasing charm possess;
As first in virtue thou art deem'd,
For truth thou art no less esteem'd.

ACHS. O gen'rous youth, whom virtue fires,
And love of liberty inspires;
As first in valour thou art deem'd,
For truth thou art no less esteem'd.

RECITATIVE.—CALEB.

While lawless tyrants, with ambition blind,
Mock solemn faith, waste worlds, and thin mankind;
Israel can boast a leader, just, and brave,
A friend to freedom, and ordain'd to save.

Thus bless'd, to heav'n your voices raise
In songs of thanks, and hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

The great Jehovah is our awful theme,
Sublime in Majesty, in pow'r supreme.

Hallelujah.

OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

AIR.

WHY do the gentiles tumult, and the nations
 muse a vain thing; the kings of the earth
upstand with power, the princes in their congrega-
tions lay deep their plots throughout each land,
against the Lord and his anointed?

CHORUS.

Let us break off, by strength of hand,
And cast from us no more to wear,
The twisted cord and iron band;
Him or his god we scorn to fear.

AIR.

O Lord, how many are my foes?
How many that in arms against me rise,
That of my life distrustfully thus says,
No help for him in God there lies?

CHORUS.

Him or his God we scorn to fear,
Let us break off th' iron band,
And cast from us, no more to wear,
The twisted cord and iron band.

Jehov
My
The v
To

Him o
Let
And c
The

The high
them to sc
wrath, and
I, saith he
rebel on Si

O who sl
A sea
A brazen
Pierce
An iron
To wail

The Lor
in his fell a
have anoin
Sion's holy

AIR.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
 My meditations weigh ;
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 To thee alone my God and king I pray.

CHORUS.

Him or his God we scorn to fear,
 Let us break off th' iron band,
 And cast from us, no more to wear,
 The twisted cord and iron band.

RECITATIVE.

The highest who in heav'n doth dwell, shall laugh
 them to scorn, the Lord shall speak to them in his
 wrath, and in his fell and fierce ire trouble them, for
 I, saith he, have anointed him my king, tho' ye
 rebel on Sion's holy hill.

AIR.

O who shall pour into my swollen eyes,
 A sea of tears that never may be dried ;
 A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries,
 Pierce the dull heav'ns, and fill the air so wide ;
 An iron frame, that sighing may endure,
 To wail the misery of the world impure ?

RECITATIVE.

The Lord shall speak to them in his wrath, and
 in his fell and fierce ire trouble them, for I, saith he,
 have anointed him my king, my chosen king, on
 Sion's holy hill.

AIR.

Fly, from the threat'ning vengeance fly;
 E'er 'tis too late,
 Avoid your fate,
 The bolt once launch'd ye surely die.
 Put not your trust,
 In the unjust,
 Who lift their hands so high.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Humbled with fear, and awful reverence,
 Before the foot-stool of his majesty
 Throw thyself down with trembling innocence;
 Nor dare to cast thy weak, thy dazzled eye,
 On the dread face of that great Deity;
 For fear, lest if he chance to look on thee,
 Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

AIR.

His sceptre is the rod of righteousness,
 With which he bruise all his foes to dust;
 And the great dragon strongly doth repress,
 Under the rigor of his judgment just,
 His seat is truth, to which the faithful trust;
 From whence proceed her beams so pure and bright,
 That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

AIR.

Be wise, be wise, at length ye kings averse,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth,
 With fear Jehovah serve.

Be wise, be
 Be taught, y
 With fear J
 Or brought
 Bruis'd and
 Ye perish in

Of many
 I fear not, t
 They pitch
 Will rise, m

Jehova

Th' exa

And he

I lay an

The Lo

Fools or r
 workers of
 thou wilt de
 dost detest.

God for

By th

Push'd

For a

CHORUS.

Be wise, be wise, at length ye kings averse,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth,
 With fear Jehovah serve.
 Or brought full low with iron sceptre,
 Bruis'd and then dispers'd, scatter'd like sheep,
 Ye perish in your way.

RECITATIVE.

Of many millions, the populous rout
 I fear not, tho' incamping round about,
 They pitch their tents against me; my God
 Will rise, my help is in the Lord.

AIR.

Jehovah is my shield, my glory,
 Him thro' my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd,
 He soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy mount;
 I lay and slept, and wak'd again,
 The Lord himself did me sustain.

RECITATIVE.

Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight, all
 workers of iniquity thou hat'st, and them unblest
 thou wilt destroy, the bloody and guileful man thou
 dost detest.

CHORUS.

God found them guilty, let them fall,
 By their own counsels quell'd;
 Push'd them in their rebellions all,
 For against him they had rebell'd.

PART THE SECOND.

AIR.

O LIBERTY, thou choicest treasure,
 Seat of virtue, source of pleasure ;
 Life without thee knows no blessing,
 No endearment worth caressing.

RECITATIVE.

Who trusts in God should ne'er despair,
 The just are still the care of heav'n ;
 Rejoice, my soul, Jehovah hears.

AIR.

Prophetic visions strike my eye,
 In vain our foes for help shall cry :

War shall cease,

Welcome peace,

And triumphs after victory ;

The hostile band,

By his right hand,

Discomfited forsakes the land.

CHORUS.

May God from whom all mercies spring,
 Bless the true church, and save the king ;
 With firm united hearts, we all
 Will conquer in his cause or fall.

RECITATIVE.

The Lord hath heard my pray'r,
 Mine enemies shall all be black, and dash'd
 With much confusion, then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

AIR.

Then will I Jehovah's praise,
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and deity
Of Jehovah, the most high;
Ever let my thanks endure,
Ever faithful ever sure.

CHORUS.

All his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

AIR.

How great and many perils do enfold
The righteous man; to make him daily fall;
Were not that heav'nly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquit him out of all.

DUET.

After long storms and tempest over-blown,
The sun at length his joyful face doth clear;
Thus after fortune's rage is shewn,
A blissful hour at last is known,
Else would afflicted man despair.

AIR.

To God our strength sing loud and clear,
To Jacob's God, that all may hear
Loud acclamations ring;
Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring,
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

CHORUS.

The timbrel hither bring,
 Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
 The cheerful psaltry bring along,
 And harp with pleasant string.

AIR.

He has his mansion fix'd on high,
 Above the reach of mortal eye;
 Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted skies so full of state;
 And did the solid earth ordain,
 To rise above the wat'ry plain;
 Who by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light;
 Then cause the golden tressed sun,
 And the horn'd moon their course to run.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Your voices raise,
 Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, to praise.

I WILL

The horse

Thou shalt
 mountain
 which thou
 sanctuary

Who is
 who is like
 doing work

He gave
 with the

When
 And
 The
 For
 No
 And
 Be
 To

The
 will divide
 them; I
 them.

PART THE THIRD.

CHORUS.

I WILL sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumph'd
gloriously ;

The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea

AIR.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the
mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord,
which thou hast made for thee to dwell in ; in the
sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.

CHORUS.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods ;
who is like thee glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
doing wonders ? Thou stretchest out thy right hand.

CHORUS.

He gave them hailstones for rain ; fire, mingled
with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

AIR.

When warlike ensigns wave on high,
And trumpets pierce the vaulted sky ;
The frightened peasant sees his field
For corn an iron harvest yield ;
No pasture now the plain affords,
And scythes are straighten'd into swords ;
Be calm, and heav'n will soon dispose,
To future good our present woes.

RECITATIVE.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I
will divide the spoil ; my lust shall be satisfied upon
them ; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy
them.

AIR.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I
will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon
them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy
them.

AIR.

The sword that's drawn in virtue's cause,
To guard our country and its laws,
Friend, parent, children, dear,
To guide its edge we heav'n invoke,
Rebellion falls beneath the stroke,
And joy succeeds the fear.
Millions unborn shall bless the hand,
That gave deliv'rance to the land.

CHORUS.

Millions unborn shall bless the hand,
That gave deliv'rance to the land.

RECITATIVE.

When Israel, like the bounteous Nile,
For Egypt's lords enrich'd the soil;
The tears our gushing eyes supply'd,
Increas'd the river's swelling tide.

AIR.

When Israel, like the bounteous Nile,
For Egypt's lords enrich'd the soil;
The tears our gushing eyes supply'd,
Increas'd the river's swelling tide.

AIR.

Tyrants whom no cov'nants bind,
Nor solemn oaths can awe;
Strove t'enslave the free born-mind,
Religion, liberty, and law.

Its ov
To free th
May
The v
May
Whos

May
The v
May
Whos

God sav
king live fo

Its own vicegerant heav'n ordains,
To free the world, and break th' oppressor's chains.
May balmy peace, and wreath'd renown,
The virtuous hero ever crown;
May bliss eternal be his share,
Whose God and people are his care.

AIR.

May balmy peace, and wreath'd renown,
The virtuous hero ever crown;
May bliss eternal be his share,
Whose God and people are his care,

CHORUS.

God save the king, long live the king, may the
king live for ever. Amen.

Hallelujah! Amen.

SAMSON:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

THIS day, a solemn feast to Dagon held,
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest! to breathe heav'n's air, fresh blowing
pure and sweet.

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When Dagon, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

AIR.

Ye men of Gaza, hither bring
The merry pipe and pleasing string,
The solemn hymn and cheerful song;
Be Dagon prais'd by every tongue.

[CHORUS REPEATED.]

AIR.

Loud as the thunder's awful voice,
In notes of triumph, notes of praise,
So high great Dagon's name we'll raise,
That heav'n and earth may hear how we rejoice.

Then

W

Why by
If I must
The scorn
My griefs
Like gang

Form
To
But w
Into t
Wit
Tha

O chang
See how he
Abandon'd
Heroic San
No fury of
Who tore t
Ran weapo
Useless the

O mirr
In birth

AIR.

'Then free from sorrow, free from thrall,
 All blythe and gay,
 With sports and play
 We'll celebrate his festival.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Why by an angel was my birth foretold,
 If I must die betray'd, and captiv'd thus,
 The scorn and gaze of foes! O cruel thought,
 My griefs find no redress; they inward prey,
 Like gangreen'd wounds immedicable grown.

AIR.

Torments, alas! are not confin'd
 To heart, or head, or breast;
 But will a secret passage find
 Into the very inmost mind,
 With pains intense oppress'd,
 That rob the soul itself of rest.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

O change beyond report, thought, or belief!
 See how he lies with languish'd head, unpropp'd!
 Abandon'd! past all hope! Can this be he?
 Heroic Samson? whom no strength of man,
 No fury of the fiercest beast could quell?
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid;
 Ran weaponless on armies clad in iron,
 Useless the temper'd steel, or coat of mail.

AIR.—MICAH.

O mirror of our fickle state!
 In birth, in strength, in deeds how great!

From highest glory fall'n so low,
Sunk in the deep abyss of woe.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who heav'n's great trust cou'd not in silence
keep,

But weakly to a woman must reveal it?

Mic. Matchless in might! once Isr'el's glory,
now her grief;

We come, thy friends well known, to visit thee.

SAM. Welcome my friends.

Mic. Which shall we first bewail, thy bondage,
or lost sight?

SAM. O loss of sight! of thee I most complain;
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains!
My very soul in real darkness dwells!

AIR.—SAMSON.

Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day:
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree,
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Since light so necessary is to life,
That in the soul 'tis almost life itself,
Why to the tender eye is sight confin'd so obvious,
And so easy to be quench'd?
Why not as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That we might look at will thro' ev'ry pore?

O first cr
Let there
One heav
To thy da

You see
But, had I
For shame
To a false
And then
Mic. H
With care
SAM. A
MANOA

Samson, f
Mic. A
As in the h
RECIT
O misera
Renow'd a
Who with a
Himself an
To guard h

God of
So p
His fan
A bu
Oft he
Unse

CHORUS.

O first created beam! and thou great word!
 Let there be light! and light was over all,
 One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball;
 To thy dark servant life by light afford.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

You see, my friends, how woes inclose me round;
 But, had I sight, how cou'd I heave my head
 For shame? thus for a word, or tear, divulge
 To a false woman God's most secret gift,
 And then be sung, or proverb'd for a fool.

MIC. Here comes thy reverend sire, old Manoah,
 With careful steps, and locks as white as down.

SAM. Alas! another grief that name awakes.

MANOAH. Brethren, and men of Dan, say, where's
 my son,

Samson, fond Isr'el's boast? inform my age.

MIC. As signal now in low dejected state,
 As in the height of pow'r: see where he lies!

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—MANOAH.

O miserable change! is this the man
 Renow'd afar, the dread of Isr'el's foes?
 Who with an angel's strength their armies quell'd,
 Himself an army; now unequal match
 To guard his breast against the coward's spear.

AIR.

God of our fathers, what is man?

So proud, so vain, so great in story,

His fame a blast, his life a span,

A bubble at the height of glory,

Oft he that is exalted high,

Unseemly falls in human eye.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—MANOAH.

The good we wish for often proves our bane,
 I pray'd for children, and I gain'd a son,
 And such a son, as all men hail'd me happy;
 But who'd be now a father in my stead?
 The blessing drew a scorpion's tail behind;
 This plant (select and sacred, for awhile the
 Miracle of all) was in one hour enamour'd,
 Assaulted, overcome, led bound, his foes' derision,
 Captive, poor, and blind.

AIR.—MANOAH.

Thy glorious deeds inspir'd my tongue,
 Whilst airs of joy from thence did flow,
 To sorrows now I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of woe.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SAMSON.

Justly these evils have befall'n thy son;
 Sole author I, sole cause. My griefs for this
 Forbid mine eye to close, or thoughts to rest:
 But now the strife shall end; me overthrown,
 Dagon presumes to enter lists with God;
 Who, thus provok'd, will not connive, but rouse
 His fury soon, and his great name assert.
 Dagon shall stoop, ere long be quite despoil'd
 Of all those boasted trophies won on me.

AIR.—SAMSON.

Why does the God of Isr'el sleep?
 Arise with dreadful sound,
 And clouds encompass'd round,
 Then shall the heathen hear thy thunder deep.

The

'Till

There l
 That God
 Nor let us

Then

Was

For the
 Lie thus n
 SAM. I

RECI

Soon sha
 My genial
 Nature in
 My race o
 Death inv
 And lay m

Then lo
 No more o

Joys t
 Shall t
 Where
 With l

The tempest of thy wrath now raise,
In whirlwind them pursue,
Full fraught with vengeance due,
'Till shame and trouble all thy foes shall seize.

RECITATIVE.—MICAHA.

There lies our hope ; true prophet may'st thou be,
That God may vindicate his glorious name ;
Nor let us doubt whether God is Lord, or Dagon.

CHORUS.

Then shall they know, that he whose name
Jehovah is alone,
O'er all the earth but one,
Was ever the most high, and still the same.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

For thee, my dearest son, must thou mean while
Lie thus neglected in this loathsome plight ?

SAM. It shou'd be so. Why should I live ?

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SAMSON.

Soon shall these orbs to double darkness yield,
My genial spirits droop, my hopes are fled,
Nature in me seems weary of herself ;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
Death invocated oft shall end my pains,
And lay me gently down with them that rest.

AIR.—MICAHA.

Then long eternity shall greet your bliss ;
No more of earthly joys, so false and vain !

AIR.—MICAHA.

Joys that are pure, sincerely good,
Shall then o'ertake you as a flood :
Where truth and peace do ever shine,
With love that's perfectly divine.

Then round about the starry throne
 Of him who ever rules alone,
 Your heav'nly-guided soul shall climb;
 Of all this earthy grossness quit,
 With glory crown'd, for ever sit,
 And triumph over death, and thee, O time!

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

DESPAIR not thus, you once were God's delight,
 His destin'd from the womb; by him led on
 To deeds above the nerve of mortal arm;
 Under his eye abstemious you grew up,
 Nor did the dancing ruby, sparkling out-pour'd,
 Allure you from the cool chrystalline stream.

SAM. Where'er the liquid brook, or fountain
 flow'd

I drank, nor envy'd man the pleasing grape;
 But what avail'd this temperance, not complete,
 Against another object more enticing!
 I laid my strength in lust's lascivious lap.

MAN. Trust yet in God; the Father's timely care
 Shall prosecute the means to free thee hence;
 Meantime, all healing words from these thy friends
 admit.

My evils
 A speedy d

Relieve t
 And turn h

Return
 TH
 H
 Nor by

To dus
 And n

But who
 Comes this
 Tis Dalila,
 SAM. M

Mic. Sh
 (Like a fair
 Her words
 Wetting th
 DALILA

I come, O
 But conjug
 Prevailing

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

My evils hopeless are ; one pray'r remains,
A speedy death to close my miseries.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

Relieve thy champion, image of thy strength ;
And turn his labours to a peaceful end.

AIR.—MICAH.

Return, O God of Hosts ! behold
Thy servant in distress,
His mighty griefs redress,
Nor by the heathen be they told.

CHORUS.

To dust his glory they would tread,
And number him amongst the dead.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

But who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship ?
'Tis Dalila, thy wife.

SAM. My wife ! my trait'ress ! let her not come
near me.

MIC. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with head
declin'd,

(Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew) she weeps ;
Her words address'd to thee seem tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

DALILA. With doubtful feet, and wav'ring reso-
lution,

I come, O Samson ! dreading thy displeasure ;
But conjugal affection led me on,
Prevailing over fear and tim'rous doubt.

SAM. Out, thou hyæna! 'twas malice brought
thee here;

These are the arts of women false, like thee,
To break all vows, repent, deceive, submit;
Then, with instructed skill, again transgress.

DAL. I would not lessen my offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itself;
A mutual weakness mutual pardon claims.

SAM. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions to upbraid me mine?
I to myself was false, ere thou to me;
Bitter reproach! but true. The pardon then
I to my folly give, take thou to thine.

AIR.

With plaintive notes and am'rous moan
Thus coos the turtle left alone;
Like me, averse to each delight,
She wears the tedious widow'd night:
But when her absent mate returns,
With double raptures then she burns.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Did love constrain thee? no, 'twas raging lust.
Love seeks for love, thy treason sought my hate.
In vain you strive to cover shame with shame:
Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your country's foe,
Parents, and all, were in the husband lost.

AIR.

Your charms to ruin led the way,
My sense deprav'd,
My strength enslav'd,
As I did love you did betray.

How gr
To pass

Forgive w
From forth
Where with
(To me glad
Shall tend a

My fait
But hea
With lo
All hap

Her fai
But hea

To flee
No mor
The pre
The mi
How ch
A thous
Life is
Let oth

Ne'er thi
Thy trains,
Their force
I shun the s
I count the

How great the curse! how hard my fate!
To pass life's sea with such a mate!

RECITATIVE.—DALILA.

Forgive what's done, nor think of what's past cure;
From forth this prison-house come home to me,
Where with redoubled love, and nursing care,
(To me glad office!) my virgins and myself
Shall tend about thee to extremest age.

AIR AND DUET.—DALILA.

My faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear me, hear the voice of love;
With love no mortal can be cloy'd,
All happiness is love enjoy'd.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Her faith and truth, O Samson, prove;
But hear her, hear the voice of love.

AIR.—DALILA.

To fleeting pleasures make your court,
No moment lose, for life is short;
The present now's our only time,
The missing that our only crime.
How charming is domestic ease!
A thousand ways I'll strive to please:
Life is not lost, tho' lost your sight,
Let other senses taste delight.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Ne'er think of that; I know thy warbling charms,
Thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup;
Their force is null'd; where once I have been caught,
I shun the snare; these chains, this prison-house,
I count the house of liberty to thine.

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAM. Not for thy life, lest fierce rememb'rance wake

My sudden rage to tear thee limb from limb:
At distance I forgive; depart with that:
Now triumph in thy falshood; so farewell.

DAL. Thou art more deaf to pray'rs than winds
or seas.

Thy anger rages an eternal tempest;
Why should I humbly sue for peace, thus scorn'd,
With infamy upon my name denounc'd?

DUETTO.

DAL. Traitor to love, I'll sue no more
For pardon scorn'd, your threats give o'er.

SAM. Traitress to love, I'll hear no more
The charmer's voice, your arts give o'er.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

She's gone, a serpent manifest, her sting
Discover'd in the end.

SAM. So let her go;
God sent her here to aggravate my folly.

AIR.

It is not virtue, valour, wit,
Or comeliness of grace,
That woman's love can truly hit,
Or in her heart claim place?
Still wav'ring where their choice to fix,
Too oft they choose the wrong;
So much self-love does rule the sex,
They nothing else love long.

Favour'd
How rarely

To ma
Gave p
Thus s
By fen

No word
A rougher
I know him
HARAP

I am of Ga
Thou know
Much have
Nor less d
We met, t
I'd see if t

SAM. T
HAR. F
I thought t
Had fortu
Where the
I'd left th
SAM. B

HAR. T
I lose, pre
To comba

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

'Favour'd of heav'n is he who finds one true ;
How rarely found !—his way to peace is smooth.

CHORUS.

To man God's universal law
Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe ;
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd,
By female usurpation sway'd.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

No words of peace, no voice-enchancing fear,
A rougher tongue expect.—Here's Harapha,
I know him by his stride, and haughty look.

HARAPHA. I come not, Samson, to condole thy
chance;

I am of Gath, men call me Harapha;
Thou know'st me now; of thy prodigious might
Much have I heard, incredible to me !
Nor less displeas'd, that never in the field
We met, to try each other's deeds of strength :
I'd see if thy appearance answers loud report.

SAM. The way to know, were not to see, but taste.

HAR. Ha ! dost thou then already single me ?
I thought that labour, and thy chains, had tam'd thee.
Had fortune brought me to that field of death,
Where thou wrought'st wonders with an ass's jaw,
I'd left thy carcase where the ass lay dead.

SAM. Boast not of what thou would'st have done,
but do.

HAR. The honour certain to have won from thee
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out ;
To combat with a blind man, I disdain.

AIR.

Honour and arms scorn such a foe,
 Tho' I cou'd end thee at a blow;
 Poor victory,
 To conquer thee,
 Or glory in thy overthrow:
 Vanquish a slave that is half slain!
 So mean a triumph I disdain.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

“Put on your arms,
 “Then take for spear your weighty weaver's beam,
 “And come within my reach.”

AIR.—SAMSON.

My strength is from the living God,
 By heav'n free-gifted at my birth,
 To quell the mighty of the earth,
 And prove the brutal tyrant's rod:
 But to the righteous peace and rest,
 With liberty to all oppress.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster? yet take heed;
 My heels are fetter'd, but my hands are freed.
 Thou bulk, of spirit void, I once again,
 Blind, and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

HAR. O Dagon! can I hear this insolence,
 To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant death.

DUET.

SAM. Go, baffled coward, go,
 Lest vengeance lay thee low;
 In safety fly my wrath with speed.

HAR. I

Thy

BOTH. C

Here li

With high

His glory

Those ma

Then kno

Or that G

Hear

O

Isr

Save

Dagon,

Thy hono

CH

To s

Whic

Prote

And

Fix'd

Jeho

HAR. Presume not on thy God,
 Who under foot has trod
 Thy strength and thee, at greatest need.

BOTH. Go, baffled coward, go, &c.
 Presume not on thy God, &c.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

Here lie the proof:—If Dagon be thy God,
 With high devotion invoke his aid,
 His glory is concern'd. Let him dissolve
 Those magic spells that gave our hero strength,
 Then know whose God is God; Dagon, of mortal
 make,
 Or that Great One whom Abra'm's sons adore.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Hear, Jacob's God! Jehovah, hear!
 O save us, prostrate at thy throne,
 Isr'el depends on thee alone;
 Save us, and shew that thou art near.

RECITATIVE.—HARAPHA.

Dagon, arise! attend thy sacred feast;
 Thy honour calls, this day admits no rest.

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

To song and dance we give the day,
 Which shews thy universal sway.
 Protect us by thy mighty hand,
 And sweep the race from out the land.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Fix'd in his everlasting seat.

CHORUS OF THE ISRAELITES.

Jehovah rules the world in state.

CHORUS.—PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Great Dagon rules the world in state.

BOTH.

His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast,
The stars with deep amaze,
Remain in stedfast gaze.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Jehovah is of gods the first and last.

CHORUS.—PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Great Dagon is of gods the first and last.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

MORE trouble is behind, for Harapha
Comes on amain, speed in his steps and look.

SAM. I fear him not, nor all his giant brood.

HAR. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say:
This day to Dagon we do sacrifice
With triumph, pomp, and games; we know thy
strength

Surpasses human race; come then, and shew
Some public proof to grace this solemn feast.

SAM. I am an Hebrew, and our law forbids
My presence at their vain religious rites.

HAR. This answer will offend; regard thyself.

SAM. Myself! my conscience and internal peace!
Am I so broke with servitude, to yield

To such a
And play

HAR. M
d

Presur

Doom
Con
To

Reflect t
Up to the
He's gone,

SAM. Sh
Of strength
By vauntin
And prosti

Mic. H
re
'Tis heav'n

With t
Help,
To thy pro
And save,

SAM. Be
A secret im
Mic. In
HAR. Sar

To such absurd commands? To be their fool,
And play before their god?—I will not come.

HAR. My message, giv'n with speed, brooks no
delay.

AIR.—HARAPHA.

Presuming slave! to move their wrath;
For mercy sue,
Or vengeance due

Dooms in one fatal word thy death:
Consider, ere it be too late,
To ward th' unerring shaft of fate.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

Reflect then, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, whose malice may inflame the lords.

SAM. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair,
By vaunting it in honour to their god,
And prostituting holy things to idols?

MIC. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my
reach;

'Tis heav'n alone can save both us and thee.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

With thunder arm'd, great God arise;
Help, Lord, or Isr'el's champion dies:
To thy protection this thy servant take,
And save, O save us, for thy servant's sake.

SAM. Be of good courage. I begin to feel
A secret impulse, which doth bid me go.

MIC. In time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

HAR. Samson, this second summons send our lords:

Haste thee at once, or we shall engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid rock.

SAM. Vain were their art, if try'd; I yield to go.
Not thro' your streets be like a wild beast trail'd.

HAR. You thus may win the lords to set you free.

SAM. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous,
Or sinful by our law.—Brethren, farewell:

Your kind attendance now, I pray, forbear.

MIC. So may'st thou act as serves his glory best.

SAM. Let but that spirit (which first rush'd on me
In the camp of Dan) inspire me at my need,
Then shall I make Jehovah's glory known,
Their idol gods shall from his presence fly,
Scatter'd like sheep before the God of hosts.

AIR.

Thus when the sun from's wat'ry bed,
All curtain'd with a cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale,
All troop to their infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral grave.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—MICAH.

With might endu'd above the sons of men,
Swift as the lightning's glance his errand execute,
And spread his name amongst the heathen round.

AIR.—MICAH.

The Holy One of Isr'el be thy guide,
The angel of thy birth stand by thy side:
To Fame immortal go,
Heav'n bids thee strike the blow:
The Holy One of Isr'el is thy guide.

To
He
The Ho

Old Ma
To find hi
MAN. I
Who at th
But give y
To work h

Great
And b
Sound
Praise

What joy o
MIC. Th
Now captiv
MAN. C
Without m
The richest
MIC. So
Their paren

How w
And pa

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

To Fame immortal go,
 Heav'n bids thee strike the blow:
 The Holy One of Isr'el is thy guide.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

Old Manoah, with youthful steps, makes haste
 To find his son, or bring us some glad news.

MAN. I come, my brethren, not to seek my son,
 Who at the feast does play before the lords;
 But give you part with me, what hopes I have
 To work his liberty.

AIR.

Great Dagon has subdu'd our foe,
 And brought their boasted hero low:
 Sound out his pow'r in notes divine,
 Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

What joy of noise was that? It tore the sky.

Mic. They shout and sing to see their dreaded foe
 Now captive, blind, delighting with his strength.

MAN. Cou'd my inheritance but ransom him,
 Without my patrimony, having him
 The richest of my tribe.

Mic. Sons care to nurse
 Their parents in old age; but you, your son.

AIR.—MANOAH.

How willing my paternal love
 The weight to share
 Of filial care,

And part of Sorrow's burden prove.

Tho' wand'ring in the shades of night,
Whilst I have eyes he wants no light.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

Your hopes of his deliv'ry seem not vain,
In which all Isr'el's friends participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—

[*A symphony here of horror and confusion.*]

RECITATIVE.

Heav'n! what noise?

Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHORUS OF PHILISTINES AT A DISTANCE.

Hear us, our God! O hear our cry!

Death! Ruin! fall'n! no help is nigh:

O Mercy, heav'n! we sink! we die!

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

Noise, call you this? An universal groan,
As if the world's inhabitation perish'd!

Blood, death, and ruin at their utmost point!

MAN. Ruin indeed! Oh! they have slain my son!

MIC. Thy son 's rather slaying them; that cry
From slaughter of one foe cou'd not ascend.

But see, my friends,

One hither speeds, an Hebrew of our tribe.

MESSENGER. Where shall I run, or which way
fly the thoughts

Of this most horrid sight? O countrymen!

You're in this sad event too much concern'd.

MIC. The accident was loud, we long to know
from whence.

MESS. Let me recover breath; it will burst forth.

MAN. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESS. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n.

MAN. Sad! not to us: but now relate by whom.

MESS. By Samson done.

MAN. The sorrow lessens still,
And nigh converts to joy.

MESS. Oh, Manoah!

In vain I would refrain;—the evil tale
Too soon will rudely pierce thy aged ear.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

MESS. Then take the worst in brief.—Samson is
dead.

MAN. The worst indeed! My hopes to free him
hence

Are blasted all; but Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now.

MIC. Yet, ere we give the reins to grief, say first
How dy'd he? Death to life is crown or shame.

MESS. Unwounded of his enemies he fell,
At once he did destroy, and was destroy'd.
The edifice, where all were met to see,
Upon their heads, and on his own, he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge:
Glorious, yet dearly bought!

AIR.—MICAH.

Ye sons of Isr'el now lament,
Your spear is broke, your bow's unbent;
Your glory's fled,
Amongst the dead

Great Samson lies,
For ever, ever, clos'd his eyes.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Weep, Isr'el, weep a louder strain,
Samson, your strength, your hero's slain.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

The body comes; we'll meet it on the way
With laurels ever green, and branching palm;
Then lay it in his monument, hung round
With all his trophies, and great acts enroll'd
In verse heroic, or sweet lyric song.

MAN. There shall all Isr'el's valiant youth resort,

And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, whilst they sing his praise.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Glorious hero, may thy grave
Peace and Honour ever have;
After all thy pains and woes,
Rest eternal, sweet repose.

ISRAELITE WOMAN. The virgins too shall on
their feastful days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, and there bewail
His loss unfortunate in nuptial choice.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

AIR.

May ev'ry hero fall like thee,
Thro' sorrow to felicity.

Bring
Stro

Come, c
No cause
Both life a
Ruin is lef

Let the br
Their loud
Let the ch
Touch the

Let their c
Ever to so

JUS
Le
For al
Of wh
Still h
Bless t

CHORUS.

Bring the laurels, bring the bays,
Strew his hearse, and strew the ways.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

Come, come ; no time for lamentation now ;
No cause for grief ; Samson like Samson fell ;
Both life and death heroic. To his foes
Ruin is left ; to him eternal fame.

AIR.

Let the bright seraphims in burning row,
Their loud, up-lifted angel-trumpets blow :
Let the cherubic host, in tuneful choirs,
Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

CHORUS.

Let their celestial concerts all unite,
Ever to sound his praise in endless blaze of light.

APPENDIX.

PART THE FIRST.

AIR.

JUST are the ways of God to man,
Let none his secret actions scan ;
For all is best, tho' oft we doubt
Of what his wisdom brings about ;
Still his unsearchable dispose
Bless the righteous in the close.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Why by an angel was my birth foretold,
 As in a fiery column ascending
 From off the altar in my parent's sight?
 Why was my nurture order'd and prescribed,
 As of a person separate to God,
 If I must die betray'd and captiv'd thus,
 The scorn and gaze of foes! O cruel thought!
 My griefs find no redress; they inward prey
 Like gangreen'd wounds, immedicable grown.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Whom have I to complain of but myself,
 Who heav'n's great trust could not in silence keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it.
 O glorious strength! O impotence of mind!
 But without wisdom what does strength avail?
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall.
 God when he gave it, hung it in my hair,
 To shew how slight the gift—but, peace my soul!
 Strength was my bane, the source of all my woes,
 Each told apart would ask a life to wail.

Mic. Matchless in might! once Israel's glory, now
 her grief,

We come, thy friends well known, to visit thee.
 If words have charms to assuage thy troubled mind,
 We'el pour their balm into its fester'd wounds.

SAM. Welcome, my friends! experience teaches
 now

How counterfeit the coin of friendship is,
 That's only in the superscription shown.
 In the warm sunshine of our prosperous days,

Friends swa

Draw in the

Mic. W

or

SAM. O

O worse tha

My very so

Ye see, r

But had I s

For shame

To a false v

And then b

Mic. Th

By female

Who hast c

Why did no

In his own

SAM. O

That specie

Myself the

Gave up m

Mic. H

With caref

SAM. Al

MAN. B

m

Samson, fo

Mic. As

As in the h

Friends swarm ! but in the winter of adversity,
Draw in their heads, tho' sought not to be found.

MIC. Which shall we first bewail, thy bondage
or lost sight ?

SAM. O loss of sight ! of thee I most complain ;
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains !
My very soul in real darkness dwells !

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Ye see, my friends, how woes enclose me round,
But had I sight, how could I heave my head,
For shame thus for a word or tear, divulge
To a false woman God's most secret gift,
And then be sung or proverb'd for a fool.

MIC. The wisest men have err'd, and been deceiv'd
By female arts ; deject not then thyself,
Who hast of griefs a load. Yet men will ask,
Why did not Samson rather wed at home ?
In his own tribe are fairer, or as fair.

SAM. O that I had ; alas ! fond wish too late.
That specious monster, Dalila ! my snare !
Myself the cause, who, vanquish'd by her tears,
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

MIC. Here comes thy reverend sire, old Manoah,
With careful steps, and locks as white as down.

SAM. Alas ! another grief that name awakes.

MAN. Brethren, and men of Dan, say, where is
my son,

Samson, fond Israel's boast ? Inform my age.

MIC. As signal now in low dejected state,
As in the height of power, see where he lies.

RECITATIVE.—ISRAELITISH MAN.

O ever-failing trust in mortal strength,
And O what not deceivable in man.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Justly these evils have befall'n thy son,
Sole author I, sole cause, who have profan'd
The mysteries of God, by me betray'd
To faithless parlies, feminine assaults;
To the false fair I yielded all my heart.
So far effeminacy held me yok'd
Her slave ! O foul indignity ! O blot
To honour and to arms !

MAN. Worse yet remains,
This day they celebrate with pomps and sports,
And sacrifice to Dagon, idol god,
Who gave thee bound, and blind, into their hands.
Thus is he magnified, the living God
Blasphem'd and scorn'd, by that idolatrous rout.

SAM. This have I done,
This pomp, this honour, brought to idol Dagon;
But to Israel shame, and our true God disgrace.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

For thee, my dearest son, must thou meanwhile
Lie thus neglected in this loathsome plight ?

SAM. It should be so, to expiate my crime,
If possible. For shameful gratuity
Had I reveal'd the secret of a friend,
Most heinous that, but impiously to blast
God's counsel, is a sin without a name.

MAN. Be for thy fate contrite ; but, O my son,

To high d
God may
Reject not
Already h
To ransom
To see the
SAM. W
Soon shall

BUT wh
Comes thi
With all h
An odorou
And dams

SAM. M
ne

Mic. SH
d

(Like a fai
Her words
Wetting th

DAL. W
I come, O
But conjug
Prevailing

To high disposal leave the forfeit due.
God may relent and quit thee all his debt;
Reject not then the offer'd means of life.
Already have I treated with some lords
To ransom thee. Revenge is sacred now,
To see thee thus, who cannot harm them more.

SAM. Why should I live?
Soon shall these orbs to double darkness yield.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.—MICAH.

BUT who is this, that so bedeck'd and gay,
Comes this way sailing like a stately ship,
With all her streamers waving in the wind?
An odorous perfume her harbinger,
And damsel train behind? 'Tis Dalila, thy wife.

SAM. My wife! my traitress! let her not come
near me.

MIC. She stands, and eyes thee fix'd, with head
declin'd,

(Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew) she weeps;
Her words address'd to thee seem tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil.

DAL. With doubtful feet, and wav'ring resolution,
I come, O Samson! dreading thy displeasure;
But conjugal affection led me on,
Prevailing over fear and tim'rous doubt,

Glad if in ought my help or love could serve
To expiate my rash unthought misdeed.

SAM. Out, thou hyæna! 'twas malice brought
thee here!

These are the arts of women, false like thee,
To break all vows, repent, deceive, submit;
Then, with instructed skill, again transgress.
The wisest men have met such bosom snakes,
Beguil'd like me; to ages an example.

DAL. I would not lessen my offence, yet beg
To weigh it by itself; what is it, then,
But curiosity? a small female fault,
Greedy of secrets but to publish them—
Why would you trust a woman's frailty then?
And to her importunity your strength?
A mutual weakness, mutual pardon claims.

SAM. How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions to upbraid me mine!
I to myself was false, ere thou to me;
Bitter reproach! but true.
The pardon then I to my folly give,
Take thou to thine.

RECITATIVE.—DALILA.

Alas! th' event was worse than I foresaw;
Fearless at home of partners in my love,
'Twas jealousy did prompt to keep you there,
Both day and night, love's prisoner, wholly mine.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Did love constrain thee? No, 'twas raging lust.
Love seeks for love, thy treason sought my hate.

In vain you s
Once join'd t
Parents, and

Her faith
But hear

How ch
A thousa
Life is n
Let othe

Ne'er thin
Thy trains, t
Their force i
I shun the sn
I count the l

DAL. Letn

SAM. Not
wak

My sudden
At distance
Now triumph

DAL. Tho
or s

Thy anger r
Why should
With infamy
When in thi
The first of v

In vain you strive to cover shame with shame ;
 Once join'd to me, tho' judg'd your country's foe,
 Parents, and all, were in the husband lost.

CHORUS.

Her faith and truth, O Samson, prove,
 But hear her, hear the voice of love.

AIR.—DALILA.

How charming is domestic ease,
 A thousand ways I'll strive to please ;
 Life is not lost, tho' lost your sight,
 Let other senses taste delight.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Ne'er think of that ; I know thy warbling charms,
 Thy trains, thy wiles, and fair enchanted cup ;
 Their force is null'd ; where once I have been caught
 I shun the snare ; these chains, this prison house,
 I count the house of liberty to thine.

DAL. Let me approach, at least, and touch thy hand.

SAM. Not for thy life, lest fierce rememb'rance
 wake

My sudden rage to tear thee limb from limb :
 At distance I forgive ; depart with that :
 Now triumph in thy falsehood, so farewell.

DAL. Thou art more deaf to pray'rs than winds
 or seas,

Thy anger rages an eternal tempest ;
 Why should I humbly sue for peace, thus scorn'd,
 With infamy upon my name denounc'd,
 When in this land I ever shall be held
 The first of woman-kind, living or dead ;

My praises shall be sung at solemn feasts,
Who sav'd my country from a fierce destroyer.

RECITATIVE.—HARAPHA.

With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
No worthy match to stain the warrior's sword.

SAM. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster ! yet take
heed,

My heels are fetter'd, but my hands are freed,
Thou bulk, of spirit void, I once again,
Blind and in chains, provoke thee to the fight.

HAR. O Dagon ! can I hear this insolence,
To me unus'd, not rend'ring instant death ?

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—SAMSON.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some inward motions which do bid me go.

MIC. In time thou hast resolv'd, again he comes.

HAR. Samson, this second summons send our lords,
Art thou our captive, slave, and public drudge,
Yet dispute thy coming when we send ?
Haste thee at once, or we shall engines find
To move thee, tho' thou wert a solid rock.

SAM. Vain were their art if try'd ; I yield to go.
Not thro' your streets be like a wild beast trail'd.

HAR. You thus may win the lords to set you free.

SAM. In
Or sinful by
Your kind
Lest it offer
Expect of
Unworthy

MIC. So
Let but tha
In the cam
Then shall

MAN. O
A dreadful
Glorious, y

MIC. In
For which
And now t
Triumphar
More than
The voice
A parting

Proceed
In vile Ph
And clean
Then sole
With silen

Come, co
No cause
Both life a
Ruin is le

SAM. In nothing I'll comply that's scandalous,
Or sinful by our laws! Brethren, farewell.
Your kind attendance now I pray forbear,
Lest it offend to see me girt with friends.
Expect of me you'll nothing here impute
Unworthy God, my nation, or myself.

MIC. So may'st thou act as serves his glory best.
Let but that spirit which first rush'd on thee
In the camp of Dan, inspire thee at thy need,
Then shall I make—

MAN. O lastly over-strong against thyself,
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge;
Glorious, yet dearly bought.

MIC. In life and death thou hast fulfill'd thy work
For which foretold.
And now thou liest victorious, tho' self-kill'd,
Triumphant o'er a heap of slaughter'd foes,
More than thy life had slain. Let Israel now
The voice of lamentation raise, and sing
A parting requiem to thy honour'd soul.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

Proceed we hence to find his body, soak'd
In vile Philistine blood; with the pure stream,
And cleansing herbs, wash off the clodded gore;
Then solemnly attend him to my tomb,
With silent obsequies and funeral train.

RECITATIVE.—MANOAH.

Come, come; no time for lamentation now,
No cause for grief, Samson like Samson fell;
Both life and death heroic, to his foes
Ruin is left, to him eternal fame.

MIC. Why should we weep or wail, dispraise, or
blame,

Where all is well, and fair to quiet us.
Praise we Jehovah then, who to the end,
Not parted from him, but assisted still,
'Till desolation fill'd Philistia's land,
Honour and freedom giv'n to Jacob's seed.

HOW

Above a
How

An infan
To qu
Could fi
Super

Along th
With
And arm
Exult

SAUL:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

HOW excellent thy name, O Lord,
In all the world is known!
Above all heav'ns, O King adorn'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne!

AIR.

An infant, rais'd by thy command
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

CHORUS.

Along the monster atheist strode
With more than human pride,
And armies of the living God
Exulting in his strength defy'd.

SAUL,

CHORUS.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord,
 With ease the boaster slew,
 Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
 And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord,
 In all the world is known !
 Above all heav'n's, O King, ador'd,
 How hast thou set thy glorious throne!
Hallelujah.

RECITATIVE.—MICHAL.

He comes! —————

AIR.

O god-like youth! by all confess'd
 Of human race the pride!
 O virgin among women blest,
 Whom heav'n ordains thy bride!
 But ah! how strong a bar I see
 Betwixt my happiness and me!

RECITATIVE.—ABNER.

Behold, O King, the brave, victorious youth,
 And in his hand the haughty giant's head.

SAUL. Young man, whose son art thou?

DAVID. The son of Jesse,
 Thy faithful servant, and a Bethlemite.

SA. Return no more to Jesse: stay with me.
 And as an earnest of my future favour,
 Thou shalt espouse my daughter: small reward
 Of such desert! since to thy arm alone
 We owe our safety, peace, and liberty.

AIR.—DAVID.

O King, your favour with delight
 I take, but must refuse you praise:
 For ev'ry pious Israelite
 To God alone his tribute pays.
 Through him we put to flight our foes,
 And in his name
 We trod them under that against us rose.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

O early piety! O modest merit!
 In this embrace my heart bestows itself.
 Henceforth, thou noble youth, accept my friendship,
 And Jonathan and David are but one.

AIR.—MERAB.

What abject thoughts a prince can have,
 In rank a prince! in mind a slave!

RECITATIVE.

Yet think on whom this honour you bestow;
 How poor in fortune, and in birth how low!

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Birth and fortune I despise!
 From virtue let my friendship rise.
 No titles proud thy stem adorn,
 Yet born of God is nobly born:
 And of his gifts so rich thy store,
 That Ophir to thy wealth is poor.

RECITATIVE.—HIGH PRIEST.

Go on, illustrious pair! your great example
 Shall teach our youth to scorn the sordid world,
 And set their hearts on things of real worth.

SAUL.

AIR.

While yet thy tide of blood runs high,
 To God thy future life devote:
 Thy early vigour all apply
 His glorious service to promote.
 So shall thy great Creator bless
 And bid thy days serenely flow:
 So shall thy youthful happiness
 In age no diminution know.
 With sweet reflection thou shalt taste,
 Declining gently to thy tomb,
 The pleasure of good actions past,
 And hope with rapture joys to come.

RECITATIVE.—SAUL.

Thou, Merab, first in birth, be first in honour:
 Thine be the valiant youth, whose arm has sav'd
 Thy country from her foes.

MER. O mean alliance!

AIR.

My soul rejects the thought with scorn,
 That such a boy, till now unknown,
 Of poor plebeian parents born,
 Should mix with royal blood his own!
 Tho' Saul's commands I can't decline,
 I must prevent his low design,
 And save the honour of his line. }

AIR.—MICHAL.

See with what scornful air
 She the precious gift receives!
 'Tho' e'er so noble, or so fair,
 She cannot merit what he gives.

Ah! lovely youth! wast thou design'd
With that proud beauty to be join'd?

RECITATIVE.—MICHAL.

Already see the daughters of the land,
In joyful dance, with instruments of music
Come to congratulate your victory.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, mighty king!
Welcome all who conquest bring!
Welcome, David, warlike boy,
Author of our present joy!
Saul, who hast thy thousands slain,
Welcome to thy friends again!
David his ten thousands slew;
Ten thousand praises are his due!

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SAUL.

What do I hear? am I then sunk so low,
To have this upstart boy preferred before me?

CHORUS.

David his ten thousand slew,
Ten thousand praises are his due.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SAUL.

To him ten thousands! and to me but thousands?
What can they give him more, except the kingdom?

AIR.

With rage I shall burst his praises to hear!
Oh! how I both hate the stripling, and fear!
What mortal a rival in Glory can bear?

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Imprudent woman! your ill-tim'd comparisons,
I fear, have injur'd him you mean to honour.

Saul's furious look, as he departed hence,
Too plainly shew'd the tempest of his soul.

MICH. 'Tis but his old disease, which thou can'st
cure.

O take thy harp, and as thou oft hast done,
From the king's breast dispel the raging fiend,
And soothe his tortur'd soul with sounds divine.

AIR.

Fell rage and black despair possess
With horrid sway the monarch's breast;
When David with celestial fire
Struck with sweet persuasive lyre :
Soft gliding down his ravish'd ears,
The healing sounds dispel his cares ;
Despair and rage at once are gone,
And peace and hope resume the throne.

RECITATIVE.—ABNER.

Rack'd with infernal pains ev'n now the king
Comes forth, and mutters horrid words, which hell,
No human tongue, has taught him.

AIR.—DAVID.

O Lord, whose mercies numberless
O'er all thy works prevail,
Tho' daily man thy law transgress,
Thy patience cannot fail :
If yet his sin be not too great,
The busy fiend controul,
Yet longer for repentance wait,
And heal his wounded soul.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

'Tis all in vain, his fury still continues;

With w
Stamps

A s
V
But
H
Am
It is

Has h
I charge
And all,
This bol
I am no

Cap
By
No
The
His

Ext

RECI

O filia

How sha

Your jus

But to d

The God

And terr

What sh

To God

With wild distraction on my friend he stares,
Stamps on the ground, and seems intent on mischief.

AIR.—SAUL.

A serpent in my bosom warm'd
Would sting me to the heart;
But of his venom soon disarm'd,
Himself shall feel the smart.
Ambitious boy! now learn what danger
It is to rouse a monarch's anger.

RECITATIVE.

Has he escap'd my rage?
I charge you, Jonathan, upon thy duty,
And all, on your allegiance, to destroy
This bold aspiring youth; for while he lives
I am not safe. Reply not, but obey.

AIR.—MERAB.

Capricious man, in humour lost,
By ev'ry wind of passion tost,
Now sets his vassal on the throne,
Then low as earth he casts him down:
His temper knows no middle state,
Extreme alike in love or hate.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JONATHAN.

O filial piety! O sacred friendship!
How shall I reconcile you?—Cruel father!
Your just commands I always have obey'd:
But to destroy my friend! the brave, the virtuous,
The God-like David! Israel's defender,
And terror of his foes!—To disobey you—
What shall I call it?—'Tis an act of duty
To God—to David—nay, indeed to you.

AIR.

No, cruel father, no :
 Your hard commands I can't obey.
 Shall I with sacrilegious blow
 Take pious David's life away !
 No ; with my life I must defend
 Against the world my best, my dearest friend.

AIR.—HIGH PRIEST.

O Lord, whose providence
 Ever wakes for their defence,
 Who the ways of virtue choose,
 Let not thy faithful servant fall
 A victim to the rage of Saul,
 Who hates without a cause,
 And in defiance of thy laws,
 His precious life pursues.

CHORUS.

Preserve him for the glory of thy name,
 Thy people's safety, and the heathen's shame.

Ah! d
 Think y
 Of all my
 A spirit o
 He has r
 His whol
 To execu

But
 Ba
 Than
 O

O stran

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

ENVY! eldest-born of hell!
 Cease in human breasts to dwell:
 Ever at all good repining,
 Still the happy undermining!
 God and man by thee infested,
 Thou by God and man detested!
 Most thyself thou dost torment,
 At once the crime and punishment:
 Hide thee in the blackest night;
 Virtue sickens at thy sight!
 Hence, thou eldest-born of hell!
 Cease in human breasts to dwell.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Ah! dearest friend, undone by too much virtue!
 Think you an evil spirit was the cause
 Of all my father's rage? It was indeed
 A spirit of envy, and of mortal hate.
 He has resolv'd your death; and sternly charg'd
 His whole retinue, me especially,
 To execute his vengeance.

AIR.

But sooner Jordan's stream, I swear,
 Back to his spring shall swiftly roll,
 Than I consent to hurt a hair
 Of thee, thou darling of my soul.

RECITATIVE.—DAVID.

O strange vicissitude! But yesterday

He thought me worthy of his daughter's love;
To-day he seeks my life.

JON. My sister Merab, by his own gift thy right,
He has bestow'd on Adriel.

DAV. O, my prince, would that were all,
It would not grieve me much. The scornful maid
(Didst thou observe?) With such disdainful pride
Receiv'd the king's command!—but lovely Michal,
As mild as she is fair, outstrips all praise.

AIR.

Such haughty beauties rather move
Aversion, than engage our love.
They only can our cares beguile
Who gently speak, and sweetly smile.
If virtue in that dress appear,
Who, that sees, can love forbear?

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

My father comes. Retire, my friend, while I
With peaceful accents try to calm his rage.

RECITATIVE.—SAUL.

Hast thou obey'd my orders, and destroy'd
My mortal enemy, the son of Jesse?

JON. Alas, my father! He your enemy!
Say, rather, he has done important service
To you, and to the nation; hazarded
His life for both, and slain our giant foe,
Whose presence made the holdest of us tremble.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Sin not, O king, against the youth
Who ne'er offended you:
Think, to his loyalty and truth
What great rewards are due!

Think with what joy that god-like man

You saw, that glorious day!

Think, and with ruin, if you can,

Such services repay.

From cities storm'd, and battles won,

What glory can accrue?

By this the hero best is known;

He can himself subdue.

AIR.—SAUL.

As great Jehovah lives, I swear,

The youth shall not be slain.

Bid him return, and void of fear,

Adorn our court again.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Wiseest and greatest of his kind,

Who can in Reason's fetters bind

The madness of his angry mind!

RECITATIVE.

Appear, my friend.

SAUL.

No more imagine danger:

Be first in our esteem; with wonted valour

Repel the insults of the Philistines:

And, as a proof of my sincerity,

(O hardness to dissemble!) instantly

Espouse my daughter Michal.

AIR.—DAVID.

Your words, O king, my loyal heart

With double ardour fire:

If God his usual aid impart,

Your foes shall feel what you inspire.

In all the dangers of the field,

The Great Jehovah is my shield.

RECITATIVE.—SAUL.

Yes, he shall wed my daughter!—but how long
 Shall he enjoy her?—He shall lead my armies!
 But have the Philistines no darts—no swords,
 To pierce the heart of David?—Yes, this once
 To them I leave him; they shall do me right!

RECITATIVE.—MICHAL.

A father's will has authoriz'd my love:
 No longer, Michal, then attempt to hide
 The secret of thy soul. I love thee, David,
 And long have lov'd. Thy virtue was the cause;
 And that be my defence.

DUET.

MICH. O fairest of ten thousand fair,
 Yet for thy virtue more admir'd!

Thy words and actions all declare
 The wisdom by thy God inspir'd,

DAV. O lovely maid! thy form beheld,
 Above all beauty charms our eyes:

Yet still within that form conceal'd
 Thy mind, a greater beauty, lies.

BOTH. How well in thee does heav'n at last
 Compensate all my sorrows past.

CHORUS.

Is there a man who all his ways
 Directs, his God alone to please?

In vain his foes against him move:
 Superior pow'r their hate disarms;
 He makes them yield to virtue's charms,
 And melts their fury down to love.

RECITATIVE.—DAVID.

Thy father is as cruel, and as false,

As thou art kind and true. When I approach'd
him,

New from the slaughter of his enemies,
His eyes with fury flam'd; his arm he rais'd,
With rage grown stronger; by my guiltless head
The javelin whizzing flew, and in the wall
Mock'd once again his impotence of malice.

DUET.

At persecution I can laugh;
No fear my soul can move,
In God's protection safe,
And blest in Michal's love.

MICH. Ah! dearest youth! for thee I fear;
Fly!—begone!—for death is near!

DAV. Fear not, lovely fair, for me:
Death, where thou art, cannot be.
Smile, and danger is no more.

MICH. Fly—for death is at the door!
See, the murd'rous band comes on!
Stay no longer! Fly!—begone!

RECITATIVE.—MICHAL.

Whom dost thou seek? And who has sent thee
hither?

MESSENGER. I seek for David; and am sent by
Saul.

MICH. Thy errand?

MESS. 'Tis a summons to the court.

MICH. Say he is sick.

MESS. In sickness or in health,

Alive, or dead, he must be brought to Saul.

Shew me his chamber. Do you mock the king?

This disappointment will enrage him more:
Then tremble for the event.

AIR.—MICHAL.

No; let the guilty tremble
At ev'ry thought of danger near,
Tho' numbers arm'd with death assemble,
My innocence disdains to fear.
Tho' great their power as their spite,
Undaunted still remains my soul.
For greater is Jehovah's might,
And will their lawless force controul.

RECITATIVE.—MERAB.

Mean as he was, he is my brother now,
My sister's husband; and, to speak the truth,
Has qualities which justice bids me love,
And pity his distress. My father's cruelty
Strikes me with horror! At th' approaching feast
I fear some dire event, unless my brother,
His friend, the faithful Jonathan, avert
The impending ruin. I know he'll do his best.

AIR.

Author of peace, who canst controul
Every passion of the soul;
To whose good spirit alone we owe
Words that sweet as honey flow:
With thy dear influence may his tongue be fill'd,
And cruel wrath to soft persuasion yield.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SAUL.

The time at length is come, when I shall take
My full revenge on Jesse's son.
No longer shall the stripling make
His sov'reign totter on the throne.

He dies—this blaster of my fame,
Bane of my peace, and author of my shame.

RECITATIVE.—SAUL.

Where is the son of Jesse?
Comes he not to grace our feast?

JON. He earnestly ask'd leave
To go to Bethlehem, where his father's house
At solemn rites of annual sacrifice
Requir'd his presence.

SAUL. O perverse! rebellious!
Think'st thou I do not know that thou hast chose
The son of Jesse to thy own confusion?
The world will say thou art no son of mine,
Who canst thus love the man I hate; the man
Who, if he lives, will rob thee of thy crown.
Send, fetch him hither; for the wretch must die.

JON. What has he done? And wherefore must
he die?

SAUL. Dar'st thou oppose my will? Die then
thyself.

CHORUS.

O fatal consequence
Of rage, by reason uncontroll'd!
With ev'ry law he can dispense;
No ties the furious monster hold:
From crime to crime he blindly goes,
Nor end, but with his own destruction, knows.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—SAUL.

WRETCH that I am! of my own ruin author!
Where are my old supports? The valiant
youth,

Whose very name was terror to my foes,
My rage has drove away. Of God forsaken,
In vain I ask his counsel! he vouchsafes
No answer to the sons of disobedience!
Ev'n my own courage fails me!—Can it be?
Is Saul become a coward?—I'll not believe it!
If heav'n denies thee aid, seek it from hell!

RECITATIVE.

'Tis said here lives a woman, close familiar
With the enemy of mankind: her I'll consult,
And know the worst. Her art is death by law;
And while I minded law, sure death attended
Such horrid practices: Yet, O hard fate!
Myself am now reduc'd to ask the counsel
Of those I once abhorr'd!

RECITATIVE.—WITCH:

With me what would'st thou?

SAUL. I wou'd, that by thy art thou bring me up
The man whom I shall name.

WITCH.

Alas! thou know'st
How Saul has cut off those who use this art.
Would'st thou ensnare me?

SAUL.

As Jehovah lives,
On this account no mischief shall befall thee.

WITCH. Whom shall I bring up to thee?

SAUL. Bring up Samuel.

AIR.—WITCH.

Infernal spirits, by whose pow'r
 Departed Ghosts in living forms appear,
 Add horror to the midnight hour,
 And chill the boldest hearts with fear:
 To this stranger's wond'ring eyes
 Let the prophet Samuel rise.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SAMUEL.

Why hast thou forc'd me from the realms of peace
 Back to this world of woe?

SAUL. O holy prophet!
 Refuse me not thy aid in this distress.
 The num'rous foe stands ready for the battle:
 God has forsaken me: No more he answers
 By prophets or by dreams: No hope remains,
 Unless I learn of thee what course to take.

SAM. Hath God forsaken thee? And dost thou ask
 My counsel? Did I not foretel thy fate,
 When, madly disobedient, thou didst spare
 The curst Amalekite, and on the spoil
 Didst fly rapacious? Therefore God this day
 Hath verif'd my words in thy destruction;
 Hath rent the kingdom from thee, and bestow'd it
 On David, whom thou hatest for his virtue.
 Thou and thy sons shall be with me to-morrow,
 And Israel by Philistine arms shall fall.
 The Lord hath said it: he will make it good.

RECITATIVE.—DAVID.

Whence comest thou?

AMAL. Out of the camp of Israel.

DAV. Thou canst inform me then: How went the battle?

AMAL. The people, put to flight, in numbers fell,
And Saul, and Jonathan his son, are dead.

DAV. Alas! my brother!—But how know'st thou
That they are dead?

AMAL. Upon Mount Gilboa
I met with Saul, just fall'n upon his spear;
Swiftly the foe pursu'd. He cry'd to me,
Begg'd me to finish his imperfect work,
And end a life of pain and ignominy.
I knew he could not live, and therefore slew him;
Took from his head the crown, and from his arms
The bracelets, and have brought them to my lord.

DAV. Whence art thou?

AMAL. I am an Amalekite.

AIR.—DAVID.

Impious wretch, of race accurst!
And of all that race the worst!
How hast thou dar'd to lift thy sword
Against the anointed of the Lord?
Fall on him—smite him—let him die;
On thy own head thy blood will lie;
Since thy own mouth has testify'd,
By thee the Lord's anointed dy'd.

CHORUS.

Mourn, Israel, mourn, thy beauty lost,
Thy choicest youth on Gilboa slain.
How have thy fairest hopes been crost!
What heaps of mighty warriors strow the plain!

AIR.—DAVID.

O let it not in Gath be heard,
 The news in Askelon let none proclaim;
 Lest we, whom once so much they fear'd,
 Be by their women now despis'd,
 And lest the daughters of the uncircumcis'd
 Rejoice and triumph in our shame.

AIR.—DAVID.

From this unhappy day,
 No more, ye Gilboan hills, on you
 Descend refreshing rain or kindly dew,
 Which erst your heads with plenty crown'd;
 Since there the shield of Saul, in arms renown'd,
 Was vilely cast away.

AIR.—DAVID.

Brave Jonathan his bow ne'er drew,
 But wing'd with death his arrow flew,
 And drank the blood of slaughter'd foes:
 Nor drew great Saul his sword in vain;
 It reek'd, where'er he dealt his blows,
 With entrails of the mighty slain.

CHORUS.

Eagles were not so swift as they,
 Nor lions with so strong a grasp held fast and tore
 the prey.

AIR.—DAVID.

In sweetest harmony they liv'd,
 Nor death their union cou'd divide:
 The pious son ne'er left the father's side,
 But him defending bravely dy'd:
 A loss too great to be surviv'd!

For Saul, ye maids of Israel moan,
 To whose indulgent care
 You owe the scarlet and the gold you wear,
 And all the pomp in which your beauty long has
 shone.

CHORUS.

O fatal day! How low the mighty lie?
 O Jonathan! how nobly didst thou die,
 For thy king and country slain!
 For thee, my brother Jonathan,
 How great is my distress!
 What language can my grief express?
 Great was the pleasure I enjoy'd in thee!
 And more than woman's love thy wond'rous love
 to me!

O fatal day! How low the mighty lie!
 Where, Israel, is thy glory fled?
 Spoil'd of thy arms, and sunk in infamy,
 How canst thou raise again thy drooping head?

ABIATHAR. Ye men of Judah, weep no more;
 Let gladness reign in all our host;
 For pious David will restore
 What Saul by disobedience lost.
 The Lord of Hosts is David's friend,
 And conquest will his arms attend.

CHORUS.

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
 Pursue thy wonted fame:
 Go on, be prosperous in fight,
 Retrieve the Hebrew name.

Thy strong right-hand, with terror arm'd;
 Shall thy obdurate foes dismay;
 While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
 Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

APPENDIX.

AIR.

WISE, great, and good,
 Above thy years endu'd,
 How bright each grace does shine,
 Thus bless'd with what's divine,
 Firm as a rock thy strength shall stand,
 Thy wisdom ever bless the land.

RECITATIVE.—HIGH PRIEST.

This but the smallest part of harmony,
 Great attribute of attributes divine,
 And center of the rest, where all agree,
 Whose wond'rous force what great effects proclaim.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

By thee this universal frame,
 From its Almighty Maker's hand,
 In primitive perfection came,
 By thee produced, in thee contain'd.
 No sooner did the eternal word dispense,
 Thy vast mysterious influence,
 Than chaos his old discord ceas'd;
 Nature began, of labour eas'd,

Her latent beauties to disclose,
 A fair harmonious world arose,
 And tho' by diabolic guile,
 Disorder lord it for awhile,
 The time will come, when nature shall
 Her pristine forms regain,
 And harmony for ever reign:

AIR.—DAVID.

Fly, malicious spirit fly,
 Own the pow'r of harmony;
 To thy native hell retire.
 Gracious Lord his pain assuage,
 And instead of burning rage,
 With thy peace his mind inspire.

AIR.—MICHAL.

Love from such a parent sprung,
 In spite of adverse fate is strong,
 In spite of time is ever young;
 But how weak and brittle prove
 The ties of mercenary love.

Pra
 Wh

Almi
 And

SOLOMON:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

YOUR harps and cymbals sound
To great Jehovah's praise,
Unto the Lord of Host
Your willing voices raise.

AIR.

Praise ye the Lord for all his mercies past,
Whose truth, whose justice will for ever last.

CHORUS.

With pious heart and holy tongue,
Resound your Maker's name,
Till distant nations catch the song,
And glow with holy flame.

AIR.—SOLOMON.

Almighty pow'r, who rul'st the earth and skies,
And bade gay order from confusion rise,

Whose gracious hand reliev'd thy slave distress'd,
With splendour cloth'd me, and with knowledge
bless'd ;

Thy finish'd temple with thy presence grace,
And shed thy heav'nly glories o'er the place.

RECITATIVE.—ZADOCK.

Imperial Solomon, thy pray'rs are heard.

ACCOMPANIED.

See from the opening skies
Descending flames involve the sacrifice,
And to within the sacred dome,
That gleamy light,
Profusely bright,
Declares the Lord of Hosts is come.

AIR.—ZADOCK.

Sacred raptures cheer my breast,
Rushing tides of hallow'd zeal ;
Joys too fierce to be exprest,
In this swelling heart I feel.
Warm enthusiastic fires,
In my panting bosom roll,
Hope of bliss that ne'er expires,
Dawns upon my ravish'd soul.

CHORUS.

Throughout the land Jehovah's praise record,
For full of pow'r and mercy is the Lord.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Blest be the Lord, who look'd with gracious eye
Upon his vassal's humble sacrifice,
And has, with an approving smile,
My work o'er paid, and grac'd the pile.

AIR.—SOLOMON.

What tho' I trace each herb and flow'r

That drink the morning dew,

Did I not own Jehovah's pow'r,

How vain were all I knew?

Say, what's the rest but empty boast,

The pedant's idle claim,

Who having all the substance lost,

Attempts to grasp a name?

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

And see, my queen, my wedded love,

You soon my tenderness shall prove,

A palace shall erect its head,

Of cedar built, with gold bespread;

Methinks the work is now begun,

The axe resounds in Lebanon.

And see, bedeck'd with canvas wings,

The dancing vessel lightly springs,

While Ophir's mines well pleas'd disclose,

The wealth that in their entrails glows.

AIR.—QUEEN.

Bless'd the day when first my eyes

Saw the wisest of the wise;

Bless'd the day when I was led

To ascend the nuptial bed;

But completely bless'd the day,

On my bosom as he lay,

When he call'd my charms divine,

Vowing to be only mine.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Thou fair inhabitant of Nile,

Rejoice thy lover with a smile.

Qu. O monarch! with each virtue bless'd ;
 The brightest star that gilds the east.
 No joy I know beneath the sun,
 But what's compriz'd in Solomon ;
 With thee how quickly fled the winter's night,
 And short is summer's length of light.

DUETTO.

Qu. Welcome as the dawn of day,
 To the pilgrim on his way,
 Whom the darkness caus'd to stray,
 Is my lovely king to me.

Sol. Myrtle grove, or rosy shade,
 Breathing odours thro' the glade,
 To refresh the village maid,
 Yields in sweets, my queen, to thee.

RECITATIVE.—ZADOCK.

Vain are the transient beauties of the face,
 When virtue fails to animate each grace ;
 Bright and more bright her radiant form appears,
 Nor dreads the canker'd tooth of rolling years ;
 O'er such a partner comfort spreads her wing,
 And all our life is one perpetual spring.

AIR.—ZADOCK.

Indulge thy faith and wedded truth,
 With the fair partner of thy youth,
 She's ever constant, ever kind,
 Like the young roe or loving hind.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

My blooming fair, come, come away,
 My love admits of no delay.

AIR.—SOLOMON.

Haste to the cedar grove,
Where fragrant spices bloom,
And am'rous turtles love,
Beneath the pleasing gloom.
While tinkling down the hill,
Avoiding hateful day,
The little murmuring
In whispers glides away.

RECITATIVE.—QUEEN.

When thou art absent from my sight,
The court I shun and loathe the light.

AIR.—QUEEN.

With thee th' unshelter'd moor I tread,
Nor once of fate complain,
The burning sun flash'd round my head,
And cleav'd the barren plain.
Thy lovely form alone I prize,
'Tis thou that can'st impart
Continual pleasure to my eyes,
And gladness to my heart.

RECITATIVE.—ZADOCK.

Search round the world, there never yet was seen
So wise a monarch or so chaste a queen.

CHORUS.

May no rash intruder disturb their soft hours;
To form fragrant pillows, arise, O ye flow'rs!
Ye zephyrs soft breathing their slumbers prolong,
While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song.

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

FROM the censor curling rise,
 Grateful incense to the skies;
 Heav'n blesses David's throne,
 Happy, happy Solomon:
 Live for ever pious David's son,
 Live for ever mighty Solomon.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Prais'd be the Lord, from him my wisdom springs,
 I bow enraptur'd to the King of Kings;
 He led me abject to imperial state,
 When weak and trembling for my future fate;
 Strengthen'd by him, each foe with horror fled,
 Then impious Joab at the altar bled;
 The death he oft deserv'd, stern Shemei found,
 And Adonijah sunk beneath the wound;
 Forc'd by his crimes, I spoke a brother's doom,
 And may his vices perish in the tomb.

AIR.—SOLOMON.

When the sun o'er yonder hills
 Pours in tides the golden day;
 Or when quiv'ring o'er the rills,
 In the west he dies away.
 He shall ever hear me sing,
 Praises to th' eternal king.

RECITATIVE.—LEVITE.

Great prince, thy resolution's just,
 He never fails, in heav'n who puts his trust;

True wort
 'Tis virtuo

Thric

WI

And

To

Such

T

To he

A

R

My s

And

To en

The c

The c

Decla

And t

Seek we th

SOL. A

t

Our hours

FIRST

g

When just

This l

The s

That

Whos

True worth consists not in the pride of state,
 'Tis virtue only makes the monarch great.

AIR.—LEVITE.

Thrice blest that wise discerning king,
 Who can each passion tame,
 And mounts on virtue's eagle wing,
 To everlasting fame;
 Such as shall a mighty pattern stand
 To ages yet unborn;
 To honour prompt each distant land,
 And future times adorn.

RECITATIVE.—AN ATTENDANT.

My sov'reign liege:—two women stand,
 And both beseech the king's command
 To enter here; dissolv'd in tears,
 The one a new-born infant bears:
 The other, fierce and threat'ning loud,
 Declares her story to the crowd;
 And thus she clamours to the throng:
 Seek we the king, he shall redress our wrong.
 SOL. Admit them straight, for when we mount
 the throne,

Our hours are all the people's, not our own.

FIRST Wo. Thou son of David hear a mother's
 grief,

When justice hears she likewise brings relief:—

This little babe my womb conceiv'd,
 The smiling infant I with joy receiv'd;
 That woman also bare a son,
 Whose vital thread was quickly spun;

One house we both together kept,
 But once, unhappy as I slept,
 She stole at midnight where I lay,
 Bore my soft darling from my arms away,
 And left her child behind, a lump of lifeless clay.
 And now, O impious! dares to claim
 My right alone—a mother's name.

TRIO.

FIRST Wo. Words are weak to paint my fears,
 Heart-felt anguish starting tears,
 Best shall plead a mother's cause;
 To thy throne, O king, I bend,
 My cause is just, be thou my friend.

SECOND Wo. False is all her meriting tale.

SOL. Justice holds the lifted scale.

SECOND Wo. Then be just and fear the laws.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

What says the other to th' imputed charge?
 Speak in thy turn, and give thy wrongs at large.

SECOND Wo. I cannot varnish o'er my tongue,
 And colour fair the face of wrong:
 This babe is mine; the womb of earth,
 Intomb'd, conceals her little birth;
 Give me my child, my smiling boy,
 To cheer my breast with new-born joy.

SOL. Hear me, ye women, and the king regard,
 Who from his throne thus reads the just reward:
 Each claims alike, let both their portion share;
 Divide the babe, thus each her part shall bear.
 Quick bring the faulchion and the infant smite,
 Nor further clamor for disputed right.

Thy se
 My hope
 Contente
 For at lea

With
 Reve

Ca
 W
 Ca
 Sn
 An
 G
 Ra
 Ta

RECI

Israel a
 Think no
 The stern
 The secr
 She who
 Nor send
 Must be
 Hence fr
 But you,
 Receive a
 To you,
 And may

AIR.—SECOND WOMAN.

Thy sentence, great king, is prudent and wise,
 My hopes on the wing quick bound for the prize;
 Contented I hear and approve the decree,
 For at least I shall tear the lov'd infant from thee.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST WOMAN.

Withhold the executing hand,
 Reverse, O king, thy stern command!

AIR.

Can I see my infant gor'd
 With the fierce relentless sword?
 Can I see him yield his breath,
 Smiling at the hand of death;
 And behold the purple tides
 Gushing down his tender sides?
 Rather be my hopes beguil'd.
 Take him all, but spare the child.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SOLOMON.

Israel attend to what your king shall say,
 Think not I meant the innocent to slay;
 The stern decision was to trace with art
 The secret dictates of the human heart;
 She who could bear the fierce decree to hear,
 Nor send one sigh, nor shed one pious tear,
 Must be a stranger to a mother's name;
 Hence from my sight, nor urge a further claim.
 But you, whose fears a parent's love attest,
 Receive and bind him to your beating breast;
 To you, in justice, I the babe restore,
 And may you lose him from your arms no more.

DUET.

FIRST WO. Thrice blest be the king, for he's good
and he's wise.

SOL. The Lord all these virtues has giv'n;

FIRST WO. My gratitude calls streaming tears
from my eyes.

SOL. Thy thanks be return'd all to heav'n.
'Tis God that rewards and will lift from the dust,

Whom to crush proud oppressors endeavour;

FIRST WO. How happy are they who in God put
their trust,

SOL. For his mercy endureth for ever.

CHORUS.

From the east unto the west,

Who's so wise as Solomon;

Who like Israel's king is blest,

Who so worthy of a throne.

RECITATIVE.—ZADOCK.

From morn to eve I could enraptur'd sing
The various virtues of our happy king;
In whom with wonder we behold combin'd,
The grace of features with the word of mind.

AIR.

See the tall palm that lifts the head

On Jordan's sedgy side;

His tow'ring branches curling spread,

And bloom in graceful pride.

Each meaner tree regardless springs,

Nor claims our scornful eyes;

Thus thou art first of mortal kings,

And wisest of the wise.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST WOMAN.

The shepherd shall hail him all over the plain,
And the soft-ey'd young virgin unite in the strain.

AIR.—FIRST WOMAN.

Beneath the vine or fig-tree's shade,
Ev'ry shepherd sings the maid,
Who his simple heart betray'd,
In a rustic measure;
While of torment he complains,
All around the village swains,
Catch the song and feel the pains,
Mingling sighs with pleasure.

CHORUS.

Swell, swell the full-chorus to Solomon's praise,
Record him, ye bards, as the pride of our days.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—QUEEN OF SHEBA.

FROM Arabia's spicy shore,
Bounded by the hoary main:
Sheba's queen these feats explore,
To be taught thy heav'nly strain.

SOL. Thrice welcome Queen! with open arms
Our court receives thee, and thy charms;
The temple of the Lord first meets your eyes,
Rich with the well accepted sacrifice;

Here all our treasures free behold,
 Where cedars lie o'er-wrought with gold :
 Next view a mansion fit for kings to own,
 Sirnam'd the forest of high Lebanon ;
 Where art her utmost skill displays,
 And ev'ry object claims your praise.

AIR.—QUEEN.

Ev'ry sight these eyes behold,
 Does a diff'rent charm unfold ;
 Flashing gems and sculptur'd gold,
 Still attract my ravish'd sight :
 But to hear fair truth distilling,
 In expression choice and thrilling,
 From that tongue so soft and killing,
 That my soul does most delight.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Sweep, sweep the string, to soothe the royal fair,
 And rouse each passion with th' alternate air.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Music spread thy voice around,
 Sweetly flow the lulling sound.

AIR.—SOLOMON.

Now a diff'rent measure try,
 Shake the dome and pierce the sky.
 Rouse us next to martial deeds ;
 Clanging arms, and neighing steeds,
 Seem in fury to oppose ;
 Now the hard-fought battle glows.

CHORUS.

Shake the dome and pierce the sky.
 Rouse us next to martial deeds ;
 Clanging arms and neighing steeds,

Seem in fury to oppose ;
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Then at once from rage remove,
Draw the tear, the hopeless love ;
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

CHORUS.

Draw the tear, the hopeless love ;
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Next the tortur'd soul release,
And the mind restore to peace.

AIR.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main ;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

CHORUS.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main ;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

RECITATIVE.—QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Thy harmony's divine, great king,
All, all obeys the artist's string ;
And now, illustrious prince, receive
Such tribute as my realm can give.
Here purest gold from earth's dark intrails torn,
And gems resplendent that out-shine the morn ;

There balsam breathes a grateful smell ;
 With thee the fragrant stranger wish to dwell.
 Yet of ev'ry object I behold,
 Amid the glare of gems and gold,
 The temple most attracts my eye,
 Where with unwearied zeal,
 You serve the Lord on high.

AIR.—ZADOCK.

Pious king and virtuous queen,
 May your names resound in story,
 In time's latest annals seen,
 Crown'd with honour, crown'd with glory.

RECITATIVE.—ZADOCK.

Thrice happy king to have atchiev'd,
 What scarce henceforth will be believ'd :
 When seven times around the sphere,
 The sun had led the new-born year,
 The temple rose to mark thy days,
 With endless theme for future praise.
 Our pious David wish'd in vain,
 By this great act to bless his reign ;
 But heav'n the monarch's hopes withstood,
 For, ah ! his hands were stain'd with blood.

AIR.—ZADOCK.

Golden columns fair and bright,
 Catch the mortal's ravish'd sight ;
 Round their sides ambitious twine,
 Tend'rils of the clasping vine :
 Cherubims stand there display'd,
 O'er the ark their wings are laid ;

Ev'
 All

Praise
 Praise
 He's
 Praise
 Pra
 Praise
 God

Let t
 Wide
 God

Gold n
 And ceda
 All, a
 Fair
 And o'er

How
 How
 An h
 Whe

Ev'ry object swells with state;
All is pious all is great.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord with harp and tongue,
Praise him all ye old and young,
He's in mercy ever strong;
Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry state;
Praise the Lord thro' ev'ry land:
Praise him early, praise him late,
God alone is good and great.

CHORUS.

Let the loud hosannahs rise,
Widely spreading thro' the skies;
God alone is just and wise.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Gold now is common on our happy shore,
And cedars frequent are as sycamore;
All, all conspire to bless my days,
Fair plenty does her treasures rise,
And o'er the faithful plains her countless gifts displays.

AIR:

How green our fertile pastures look,
How fair our olive grows;
How limpid is thy gliding brook,
That thro' the meadows roves?
An hundred diff'rent balmy flow'rs
Salute the passing gale,
When ev'ning breezes sun the bow'rs,
And sweep th' enamel'd vale.

RECITATIVE.—QUEEN OF SHEBA.

May peace in Salem ever dwell:
 Illustrious Solomon, farewell;
 Thy wise instructions be my future care,
 Soft as the show'rs that cheer the vernal air,
 Whose warmth bids ev'ry plant her sweets disclose,
 The lily wakes, and paints the op'ning rose.

AIR.—QUEEN.

Will the sun forget to streak
 Eastern skies with amber ray?
 When the dusky shades do break,
 He unbars the gates of day.
 Then demand if Sheba's queen
 E'er can banish from her thought,
 All the splendour she has seen,
 All the knowledge thou hast taught.

RECITATIVE.—SOLOMON.

Adieu, fair queen, and in thy breast
 May peace and virtue ever rest.

DUET.

Qu. Ev'ry joy that wisdom knows,
 May'st thou, pious monarch, share.

Sol. Ev'ry blessing heav'n bestows,
 Be thy portion, virtuous fair.

BOTH.

Gently flow the rolling days,
 Sorrow be a stranger here;
 May thy people sound thy praise,
 Praise unbought by price or fear.

CHORUS.

The name of the wicked shall quickly be past,
 But the fame of the just shall eternally last.

H
 Jehov
 And

Our crime
 And now
 My wife,
 And from

Clo

Soo
 But
 Ban

SUSANNA:

A SACRED ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

HOW long, O Lord, shall Israel groan,
In slavery and pain?
Jehovah, hear thy people's moan,
And break the oppressor's chain.

RECITATIVE.—JOACIM.

Our crimes repeated have provok'd his rage,
And now he scourges a degen'rate age;
My wife, my fair Susanna, come,
And from thy bosom chace its gloom.

AIR.—JOACIM.

Clouds o'ertake the brightest day,
Beauteous faces,
Blooming graces,
Soon submit and feel decay;
But true faith and wedded love,
Banish pain and joys improve.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Oh, Joacim! when thou art by
 My soul dilates with new-born joy;
 Down my pale cheeks the tears no longer run,
 But fly like dew before the morning sun.

DUET.

JOAC. When thou art nigh,
 My pulse beats high,
 And raptures swell my breast.

SUS. Search, search my mind,
 And there you'll find,
 Your lovely form impress'd.

BOTH. With joy on their wings the young mo-
 ments shall fly,
 And chase ev'ry cloud that would darken the sky;
 If thou art but present my cares to beguile,
 Oppression is soften'd, and bondage will smile.

RECITATIVE.—CHELSIAS.

Lives there in Babylon so bless'd a pair?
 Soft rolls my age, unknown to pain or care;
 My virtuous daughter learnt the words of truth,
 To fear the Lord, I taught her pious youth.

AIR.

Who fears the Lord may dare all foes,
 Him safely shrouds where'er he goes,
 And when in battle fierce he glows,
 No sword, no dart, shall harm him;
 The Lord's protection is a shield,
 Which ne'er to mortal force will yield,
 Tho' millions charge him in the field,
 Yet nothing shall alarm him.

A flame lil
 Shall to th
 For heav'n
 And smilin

When
 Benea
 In nat
 My
 I gaz'
 Could
 And th
 The

Let me cor
 With matc
 And ne'er
 Till from y

Woul
 The p
 I th
 Long
 And I
 At h

Down my
 And balmy
 Your wedd
 Catch the

RECITATIVE.—JOACIM.

A flame like mine, so faithful and so pure,
 Shall to the length of latest time endure;
 For heav'n-born virtue doth the warmth inspire,
 And smiling angels fan the godlike fire.

AIR.—JOACIM.

When first I saw the lovely maid,
 Beneath the citron shade,
 In native innocence array'd,
 My heart became her prize;
 I gaz'd, I hugg'd the pleasing chain,
 Could mortal breast from love refrain,
 And thousand virtues still maintain,
 The conquest of her eyes.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Let me confess I hear my praises sung,
 With matchless pleasure by thy tuneful tongue;
 And ne'er this bosom felt the sharpen'd dart,
 Till from your lips I caught the am'rous smart.

AIR.—SUSANNA.

Would custom bid the melting fair
 The purpose of her soul declare,
 I then had call'd you mine,
 Long ere the day our hands were ty'd,
 And I became thy happy bride,
 At heav'n's eternal shrine.

RECITATIVE.—CHELSIAS.

Down my old cheeks the tears of transport roll,
 And balmy comfort opens on my soul;
 Your wedded truth each wond'ring husband know,
 Catch the bright pattern and with fondness glow;

From thee, Susanna, may each wedded wife
To faith connubial dedicate her life;
Peace crown'd with roses on your slumbers wait,
And joyous plenty guard the op'ning gate.

Sus. Oh! pious Chelsias, thy paternal care
Has taught my steps to shun the gilded snare,
Where error lies conceal'd; too great my thanks to
be in words express'd,
Reign thou the second in this grateful breast.

AIR.—SUSANNA.

Without the swain's assiduous care,
How soon the sickly flow'r,
Deprived of sun and air,
Would wither in her bow'r?
Shall human mind demand less pain
Than the native of the plain?

RECITATIVE.—JOACIM.

Source of each joy, thou comfort of my life,
My fair Susanna, my unspotted wife,
Awhile I'm summon'd from the town away,
Yet think not long I'll from thy presence stay;
Meanwhile, be't thine each friend to entertain
With converse sweet, make light each galling chain;
Each true believer shall be welcome here,
And nourish pious hopes without a fear.

Sus. In this alone with sorrow I obey;
What joy have I when Joacim's away?
Forgive the tears that trickle from my eyes,
Be dumb my sorrow, and unheard my sighs.

JOAC. Ere round the sphere the sun has urg'd his
And six times rested in the western main, [wain,

Depend y
Sus. Til

The p
Awhil
What
Lest s
But w
And f
The j
When

On Joacin
At once a
RECIT
What mea
What mea
If ought p
Portending
Let Joacin
If bad, on

Bendi
Thi
Let m
Rise
If thy
Tha
All m
Is t

Depend you'll see your Joacim return.

Sus. Till then, Susanna, 'tis thy lot to mourn.

AIR.

The parent bird, in search of food,
Awhile deserts her callow brood,
What torments wring her anxious breast,
Lest some rude hand despoils her nest;
But when she homeward does repair,
And finds each flutt'ring infant there,
The joy she feels, my soul explain,
When next my fair I greet again.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

On Joacim, may ev'ry joy attend,
At once a husband, lover, and a friend.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SUSANNA.

What means this weight that in my bosom lies,
What mean these shades that swim before my eyes?
If ought prophetic in this breast I feel
Portending, quick the same reveal,
Let Joacim, my husband, find it all;
If bad, on me alone the danger fall.

AIR.—SUSANNA.

Bending to the throne of glory,
This alone, great God, I crave,
Let me innocent before you
Rise from the devouring grave;
If thy will is now requiring,
That I die before my time,
All my longing soul's desiring,
Is to fall without a crime,

CHORUS.

Virtue ne'er long shall be oppress'd,
Soon ev'ry sorrow be redress'd.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—FIRST ELDER.

Tyrannic love, I feel thy cruel dart,
Nor age protects me from the burning smart;
What! seated with the elders of the land,
To guide stern Justice unrelenting hand,
Shall I submit to feel the raging fires?
Youth pleads a warrant for his hot desires;
But when the blood should scarce attempt to flow,
I feel the purple torrents fiercely glow.
Love conquers all, alas! I find it so,
Bears me resistless down the rapid tide,
No faithful pilot shall my vessel guide;
No friendly star her gentle light supplies,
But pitchy clouds involve the darken'd skies,
'The tempest howls, the foaming surges roar,
While I unhappy quit the safer shore.

AIR.—FIRST ELDER.

Ye verdant hills, ye balmy vales,
Bear witness of my pains:
How oft have Shinar's flow'ry dales
Been taught my am'rous strains!
The wounded oaks in yonder grove,
Retain the name of her I love.
In vain would age his ice bespread,
To numb each gay desire,
'Tho' seventy winters hoar my head,
My heart is still on fire:

By
And
Oh!
U
Let
A
My
To g

Say, is it
To sooth
Was it fo
Nor fear'
Now App
And dark
FIRST

Methinks
Waits the
SECOND

FIRST

Puzzle yo
han

SECOND

FIRST

The shafts
Wound th

By mossy fount and grot I rove,
 And gently murmur songs of love.
 Oh! sweetest of thy lovely race,
 Unveil thy matchless charms;
 Let me adore that angel's face,
 And die within thy arms:
 My ceaseless pangs thy bosom move,
 To grant the just returns of love.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ELDER.

Say, is it fit that age should drop his pride,
 To sooth and fondle at a woman's side;
 Was it for this the faithful spoke my fame?
 Nor fear'd Injustice when they heard my name;
 Now Approbation shall withdraw her praise,
 And dark Reproach attend my setting days.

FIRST ELD. Hail, rev'rend brother! by that pensive face,

Methinks some long disputed dubious case
 Waits the decision of your blameless tongue.

SECOND ELD. Who judge too rashly will be often wrong.

FIRST ELD. Then, tell your friend, why thus you
 thoughtful stand,
 Puzzle your arch'd brow, and cross each folded
 hand.

SECOND ELD. Suppose 'twere love, couldst thou
 prescribe a cure?

FIRST ELD. Alas! I cannot, I those pangs endure;
 The shafts that fly from fair Susanna's eyes,
 Wound the grave statesman and unman the wise;

Her beauteous image fills up all my heart;
Is't for her charms you likewise feel the smart?

SECOND ELD. Yes, 'tis her beauty like a magic
spell,

That fires my blood, and bid my years rebel;
Love, frantic love, does all this bosom rule,
'To its hot rage the burning dog-star's cool.

AIR.—SECOND ELDER.

The oak that for a thousand years
Withstood the tempest's might,
Like me the darted lightning fears,
And flames with sudden light.

Curst be the day, and curst the fatal hour,
'That brought my age into a woman's pow'r.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ELDER.

Ye winged gales, convey these whisp'ring sighs,
And tell Susanna that her lover dies;
But softly murmur when you speak my name,
Unfold my passion, but conceal my shame.

SECOND ELD. See, where around the quiv'ring
poplars twine

The ruddy clusters of the mantling vine,
The charmer sits; with winged haste we'll fly,
And close conceal'd from ev'ry searching eye,
Await our time, then rush upon the fair,
Force her to bliss, and cure our wild despair.

AIR.—SECOND ELDER.

When the trumpet sounds to arms,
Will the ling'ring soldier stay?
When the nymph displays her charms,
Who the call will disobey?

Age
L
Fro
L

Rig
And
Yet
Dar
Tren
Wra

FROST n
And tai
Untimely s
And absenc

On fair
Whe
With h
And
No mo
To p
Till dea
Cont

Age and dignity in vain,
 Loudly thunder in my ear,
 From the horrid act refrain,
 Love forbids my soul to fear.

CHORUS.

Righteous heav'n beholds their guile,
 And forbears his wrath awhile;
 Yet his bolt shall quickly fly,
 Darting thro' the flaming sky;
 Tremble guilt, for thou shalt find
 Wrath divine outstrips the wind.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.

FROST nips the flow'rs that would the fields adorn,
 And tainting mildews waste the bearded corn;
 Untimely storms the vernal grove destroy,
 And absence, cruel absence, murders joy.

AIR.—JOACIM.

On fair Euphrates's verdant side,
 Where nodding osiers play,
 With her I've mark'd the rolling tide,
 And ev'ry sight was gay.
 No more the flow'ry banks have charms,
 To please me as before;
 Till dear Susanna fills these arms,
 Contentment is no more.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Lead me, oh! lead me, to some cool retreat!
My spirits faint beneath the burning heat.

AIR.

Chrystal streams in murmurs flowing,
Balmy breezes gently blowing,
Rob of sweets the jess' mine bow'r;
Bow the pines, that shade yon mountain,
Curl the softly trickling fountain,
Cool the noontide's raging pow'r.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Too lovely youth, for whom these sorrows flow,
When will thy presence banish ev'ry woe?

ATTEN. Soon will thy lord, thy Joacim, return;
Cease then so short an absence thus to mourn.

Sus. Alas! whoe'er has felt the subtle fire,
The pleasing anguish of a chaste desire,
Knows that an hour swells out unto a day,
The lovely object of our vows away;
But when the darling of our soul is near,
Time clothes with eagle's wings the rolling year;
But thou art kind, nor think thy mistress vain,
If now I wish to hear the tender strain
Which Joacim compos'd, e'er yet he led
These humble beauties to the bridal bed.

AIR.—ATTENDANT.

Ask if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say,
An
Bid
Th
The
Le
Ye b
Be

In vain y
My wound
ATTEN

Still in m
An humbl
An humbl
But death
And tore t

Benea
Whe
I saw
Wh
He w
That
Or wa
But

Thy plaint
For well S

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt the shepherd's love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share;
 Let Pride in splendour shine;
 Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear;
 Be fair Susanna mine.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

In vain you try to cure my rising grief,
 My wounded bosom spurns at all relief.

ATTEN. I know the pangs that cleave the bleed-
 ing heart,

Still in my breast I feel the pointed dart.
 An humble swain did all my pains create,
 An humble swain best suited with my state;
 But death seiz'd him an untimely prize,
 And tore the youth for ever from my eyes.

AIR.—ATTENDANT.

Beneath the cypress gloomy shade,
 Where silver lilies paint the glade,
 I saw the lovely shepherd laid,
 Whose loss I still deplore:
 He was in truth the sweetest swain,
 That ever trod the flow'ry plain,
 Or wak'd in virgins heart a pain,
 But is, alas! no more.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Thy plaintive strains my inmost sorrows move,
 For well Susanna knows the pangs of love.

ATTEND. Excuse the involuntary tears that
flow,

But my sad heart must vent its secret woe.

Sus. I was to blame to wake thy inmost smart,
Compose, sweet maid, compose thy beating heart;
But haste, good virgin, precious unguent bring,
And all the spices that embalm the spring;
To shun the scorching day, I mean to lave
My fainting limbs in yonder silver wave.
But, hark! what sudden noise invades my ear,
Defend me, heav'n, from ev'ry wrong I fear!
What mean ye both? say, Why do ye invade
The awful gloom of this sequester'd shade?

AIR.—FIRST ELDER.

Blooming as the face of spring,
Mild as beams of dying light,
Softer than the cygnet's wing,
Source of joy and fond delight!
Hear my pray'r, charming fair,
With one smile dismiss my care.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ELDER.

We long have languish'd, and now mean to prove
The matchless sweets of long-expected love.

Sus. You wrong yourselves to plead so foul a
cause,

Are these the boasted guardians of our laws?
But sure in sport ye both together came,
For may I doubt your yet unspotted fame.
Hence, pious elders, least some jealous spy
Behold your conduct with an envious eye.

The tor
Who
Resist
My p
Whate
In pi
Denial
Ther

Deceitful w
Wrong the
Desist, desi
Lest I awak
SECOND
pla
When our g
Will those s
That blood

Sus. Aw
FIRST E
sic

SECOND
I

Relief to m

Alas! I fin
Turn as I w
Yet hear th
Which wro

AIR.—SECOND ELDER.

The torrent that sweeps in its course,
 Whole forests and cities along,
 Resistless is found in its force,
 My passion is equally strong;
 Whate'er would my purpose restrain,
 In pieces my fury shall tear,
 Denial is offer'd in vain,
 Then yield to entreaty, proud fair.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Deceitful wolves! who, left in truth's defence,
 Wrong the high trust and prey on innocence;
 Desist, desist, nor press my trembling hand,
 Lest I awake the vengeance of the land.

SECOND ELD. Thou foolish woman, will thy
 plaints avail,
 When our grave tongues repeat the well-forg'd tale!
 Will those suspect, to whom your grief complains,
 That blood could riot in an elder's veins?

TRIO.

Sus. Away! away! ye tempt me both in vain.

FIRST ELD. Yet stay, yet stay, and hear my love-
 sick strain.

SECOND ELD. I scorn to intreat, when by force
 I may gain

Relief to my sorrow and ease to my pain.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Alas! I find the fatal toils are set,
 Turn as I will, I struggle in the net;
 Yet hear the utmost purpose of my soul,
 Which wrongs shall ne'er suppress, or fear controul:

By falsehood's aid appearing truth be thine;
Self-conscious virtue shall be ever mine.

SECOND ELD. That shall be try'd.—Who waits
there? Ho! within.

I caught the fair delinquent in her sin;
The youthful partner of her stol'n embrace,
Broke from our feeble arms and fled the place;
Ourselves beheld within the mazy grove,
Their guilty pleasures and adult'rous love.

FIRST ELD. To judgment the ill-fated beauty
lead,

Ah! would these eyes had ne'er beheld the deed.

AIR.—SUSANNA.

If guiltless blood be your intent,
I here resign it all;
Fearless of death as innocent,
I triumph in my fall;
And if to fate my days must run,
Oh! righteous heav'n, thy will be done.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ELDER.

Quick to her fate the loose adultress bear,
Fair to the eye, yet falser than she's fair.

CHORUS.

Let justice reign and flourish through the land,
Nor youth, nor charms, divert her iron hand.

RECITATIVE.—JOACIM.

Is fair Susanna false? It ne'er can be.
Detested scroll! ne'er gain belief from me.
Is she not softer than the breath of love,
Fair as the roe, and constant as the dove?

Hence let
Where dan

On t
Se
On t
So

From

O Joac
Is

SH

Su
Su

I hear m
The wites
Then welc
And chang

Hence let me speed to Babylon's proud walls,
Where danger threatens and Susanna calls.

AIR.—JOACIM.

On the rapid whirlwind's wing,
See I fly to seek the fair;
On the rapid whirlwind's wing,
So I cleave the yielding air;
At my sight,
Fresh delight,
From her breast shall chase despair.

CHORUS.

O Joacim, thy wedded truth
Is warranted of heav'n;
And to thy faith,
Illustrious youth,
Shall due reward be giv'n.

PART THE THIRD.

CHORUS.

THE cause is decided,
The sentence decreed,
Susanna is guilty,
Susanna must bleed.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

I hear my doom, nor yet the laws accuse,
The witnesses your much-wrong'd ears abuse.
Then welcome, death! I meet you with delight,
And change this earth for realms of endless light.

AIR.

Faith displays her rosy wing,
 Cherubs songs of gladness sing;
 Virtue clad in bright array,
 Streaming with eternal day,
 Whispers in my ravish'd ear,
 Innocence shall never fear;
 Welcome to this bright abode,
 Seat of angels; seat of God.

RECITATIVE.—FIRST ELDER.

Permit me, fair, to mourn thy fate severe,
 And join thy sorrows with one pious tear.

AIR.—FIRST ELDER.

Round thy urn my tears shall flow,
 Joy no more this heart shall know;
 The rememb'rance of thy woe,
 Never ceasing,
 Still encreasing,
 With the length of time shall grow.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

'Tis thus the crocodile his grief displays,
 Sheds the false dew, and while he weeps, betrays;
 Ah! when I think what Joacim must feel,
 This tortur'd heart can scarce its pangs conceal.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SUSANNA.

But you, who see me on the verge of life,
 I charge you greet him from his dying wife;
 Tell him, howe'er the elders have decreed,
 Their impious lust provok'd the bloody deed;
 And had Susanna plighted vows betray'd,
 Beneath the cover of yon' conscious shade.

Their ven

n

Nor mark

R

The sen

To instant

DAN. T

Shall cleav

FIRST L

t

That cens

DAN. F

A varnish

Rever

And l

SECON

t

Think of t

'Tis

Wr

T

Sac

In t

C

Oh, wor

And from

As she app

The fair w

Their venal tongues had spar'd her much wrong'd
name,
Nor mark'd her actions with the brand of shame.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND ELDER.

The sentence now is past, the wretch convey
To instant death. I'll hear no more, away!

DAN. The blood of innocence with ceaseless cries
Shall cleave the womb of earth, and reach the skies.

FIRST ELD. What voice is that so clam'rous in
the crowd,

That censures judgment in a tone so loud.

DAN. Fools that ye are, too forward to believe
A varnish'd tale invented to deceive;

Reverse, reverse, the stern decree,

And let the chaste Susanna free.

SECOND ELD. Presumptuous boy, art thou to dic-
tate here?

Think of thy youth, and shake with awful fear.

AIR.—DANIEL.

'Tis not age's sullen face,

Wrinkl'd front, and solemn pace,

That the truly wise declares;

Sacred wisdom oft appears

In the bloom of vernal years,

Oft she flies from silver hairs.

RECITATIVE.—A JUDGE.

Oh, wondrous youth! rejudge the cause,
And from thy tongue pronounce the laws.
As she appears to thy discerning eye,
The fair we will acquit, or doom to die.

DAN. If you demand that I the cause decide,
Her old accusers for awhile divide ;
Let not the one the other's questions hear,
For truth will ne'er in diff'rent garbs appear.

CHORUS.

Impartial heav'n, whose hand shall never cease
To cheer fair virtue with the balm of peace ;
With thy own ardour bless the youth,
And guide his footsteps to the paths of truth.

RECITATIVE.—DANIEL.

Thou artful wretch ! in vice's practice grey,
Who sav'st the guilty, and the just would'st slay ;
Thou say'st, that lately with a wanton youth,
The fair Susanna broke her vows of truth ;
If so, what tree, declare, at once declare,
Stretch'd forth its boughs to screen the guilty pair !

FIRST ELD. A verdant lentisk, pride of all the
grove,
Stood the gay witness of their lawless love.

DAN. False is thy tale, thy lips have utter'd lies,
And heav'n shall scourge you for your blasphemies.
And say, thou partner in the impious deed,
Of Canaan's sure, and not of Israel's seed ;
Beneath what tree you chaste Susanna saw,
Embrace her lover and transgress the law ?

SECOND ELD. Far to the west direct your strain-
ing eyes,

Where yon tall holm-tree darts into the skies ;
See his large boughs an ample shade afford :
There, there, Susanna wrong'd her wedded Lord.

DAN. V
The falseh
Susanna !
Thy fame
For you an
Virtue is c
And hence
Should sto
Your min
For if you
Instant co
And rid m
And hence
For in its

Cha
Ge
S
Tea
Wh
V

But see,
With the

Go
Sha
I
So
By
V

DAN. Vain is deceit, when Justice holds the scale,
 The falsehood's flagrant by the vary'd tale.
 Susanna! from thy captive dungeon go,
 Thy fame is whiter than unsully'd snow.—
 For you an ignominious death's decreed,
 Virtue is clear'd, and impious guilt shall bleed;
 And hence be taught, who justice would dispense,
 Should stop the ear to ev'ry soothing sense;
 Your mind be steel'd against each flatt'ring call,
 For if you stumble you as surely fall.
 Instant conduct them to their fate,
 And rid my presence of a sight I hate;
 And hence let virtue never know a fear,
 For in its dangers a kind help is near.

AIR.—DANIEL.

Chastity, thou cherub bright,
 Gentle as the dawn of light,
 Soft as music's dying strain,
 Teach the fair how vain is beauty,
 When she breaks the bonds of duty,
 Vain are charms, and graces vain.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

But see, my Lord, my Joacim appears,
 With the kind tutor of my infant years.

AIR.—JOACIM.

Gold within the furnace try'd,
 Shall the sharp assay abide,
 Purer from the purging fire;
 So shall virtue, when pursu'd
 By foul envy's venom'd brood,
 With superior grace aspire.

RECITATIVE.—CHELSIAS.

The joyful news of chaste Susanna's truth,
Wakes me to comfort, and recalls my youth.

Sus. Receive my thanks, they're all that I can pay,
If I deserve, you pointed out the way.

AIR.—CHELSIAS.

Raise your voice to sounds of joy,
Pierce the list'ning, list'ning skies.

CHORUS.

Bless'd be the day that gave Susanna birth,
The chastest beauty that e'er grac'd the earth.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Hence ev'ry pang which late my soul oppress'd;
Comfort return and harbour in this breast!
Nature, lest blessings should too quickly cloy,
Blends good with bad, and mixes tears with joy.

AIR.—SUSANNA.

Guilt trembling spoke my doom,
And vice her joy display'd,
Till truth dispell'd the gloom,
And came to virtue's aid.
Kind heav'n my pray'rs receive,
They're due alone to thee;
Oppression's left to grieve,
And innocence is free.

RECITATIVE.—JOACIM.

Sweet are the accents of the tuneful tongue,
Less sweet the lark begins her morning song;
Malice shall strive thy spotless fame to stain,
And raise her voice against my fair in vain.

Sus. Lo
With thee

JOA. T
I'll

Sus. W

Thy

BOTH. I

On

Till it

Dyi

A virtuo
She's far m

PEACE,
And jo

Sus. Lord of this heart, and of each warm desire,
With thee the flame began and shall expire.

DUET.

JOA. To my chaste Susanna's praise,
I'll the swelling note prolong.

Sus. While my grateful voice I raise,
Thy dear name shall be the song.

BOTH. Echo catch the tender strains,

On thy wings the music bear,

Till it reach the distant plains

Dying in the void of air.

CHORUS.

A virtuous wife shall soften fortune's frown,
She's far more precious than a golden crown.

APPENDIX.

AIR.—CHELSIAS.

PEACE, crown'd with roses, on your slumbers wait,
And joyous plenty guard the op'ning gate.

END OF PART I.

RECITATIVE.—CHELSIAS.

The joyful news of chaste Susanna's truth,
Wakes me to comfort, and recalls my youth.

Sus. Receive my thanks, they're all that I can pay,
If I deserve, you pointed out the way.

AIR.—CHELSIAS.

Raise your voice to sounds of joy,
Pierce the list'ning, list'ning skies.

CHORUS.

Bless'd be the day that gave Susanna birth,
The chastest beauty that e'er grac'd the earth.

RECITATIVE.—SUSANNA.

Hence ev'ry pang which late my soul oppress'd;
Comfort return and harbour in this breast!
Nature, lest blessings should too quickly cloy,
Blends good with bad, and mixes tears with joy.

AIR.—SUSANNA.

Guilt trembling spoke my doom,
And vice her joy display'd,
Till truth dispell'd the gloom,
And came to virtue's aid.
Kind heav'n my pray'rs receive,
They're due alone to thee;
Oppression's left to grieve,
And innocence is free.

RECITATIVE.—JOACIM.

Sweet are the accents of the tuneful tongue,
Less sweet the lark begins her morning song;
Malice shall strive thy spotless fame to stain,
And raise her voice against my fair in vain.

Sus. L
With the

JOA. T

I'll

Sus. W

TH

BOTH.

Or

Till I

Dy

A virtu
She's far

PEAC
And

Sus. Lord of this heart, and of each warm desire,
With thee the flame began and shall expire.

DUET.

JOA. To my chaste Susanna's praise,
I'll the swelling note prolong.

Sus. While my grateful voice I raise,
Thy dear name shall be the song.

BOTH. Echo catch the tender strains,
On thy wings the music bear,

Till it reach the distant plains

Dying in the void of air.

CHORUS.

A virtuous wife shall soften fortune's frown,
She's far more precious than a golden crown.

APPENDIX.

AIR.—CHELSIAS.

PEACE, crown'd with roses, on your slumbers wait,
And joyous plenty guard the op'ning gate.

END OF PART I.